THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

In the next issue of THE BOOKMAN, which begins a new volume, there will be published the first of an illustrated series of articles entitled "New York in Fiction." This is an attempt to do for the New York of fiction what has been done from time to time for the London of Dickens and Thackeray by literary students and topographers. Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, whose work is already known to readers of THE BOOKMAN, has studied this engaging subject for some years, and has carried the camera with him in his wanderings about the city. There will be in all about fifty pictures of scenes and places described in the novels and stories dealing with New York life; and in the identification of these places Mr. Maurice has had the hearty co-operation of various authors, among whom are Richard Harding Davis, F. Hopkinson Smith, Brander Matthews, Julian Ralph, Abraham Cahan, Paul Leicester Ford and others. Mr. Maurice has treated his subject geographically, rather than chronologically; thus, the articles will be classified under the general division of "Old and Proletarian New York," "About Washington Square" and "The New City and Suburban New York." A unique and valuable interest attaches to this series of papers, not only because it has been hitherto unwritten, but from the fact that the writer has admirably combined the necessary qualifications of an exact and painstaking historiographer with the delightful qualities of an entertaining narrator. The series when published later in book form will be of permanent value, and will take an indispensable place in the literature of the subject. In the same number of THE BOOKMAN will appear an initial article on "The First Books of Some English Authors," by Luther S. Livingston, whose series on "The First Books of Some American Authors" proved so popular last year. The first of the present series will treat of the first books of the Brownings, with hitherto unpublished autographs and fac-similes.

Mr. Ernest Haskell, whose excellent drawing of Whistler forms the frontispiece of this number, is a young artist of pronounced originality and brilliance who is slowly courting fame. He forsook law, for which he had prepared, and disappeared about two years ago to study in Paris. Some months since, he returned with an amount of accumulated work and fresh ideas, and we began to hear of him first in the pages of *Life*, in which his clever caricatures have been appearing. Mr. R. H. Russell, who has a keen eye for the best "black and white" men in this country, got hold of him, and his fine lithographic work has been seen in the souvenirs of Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe, in the delicate frontispiece portrait of Mary Mannering in *Trelawny*, and in the Cissy Loftus poster which is now about town. Mr. Haskell has also done some work for *Scribner's*. He is at present devoting himself mainly to painting, and may give an exhibition of his work before he leaves for Paris again in the autumn. Mr. Russell will publish the *Life* caricatures in book form during the forthcoming season. Mr. Haskell has

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just passed the twenty-second anniversary of his birthday. His portrait of Whistler is a "personal reminiscence," and is without doubt one of the best likenesses we have seen of the author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* and *The Baronet and the Butterfly*.

In *The Baronet and the Butterfly* we have another of those Whistlerisms that add so much to the gaiety of nations. The sub-title, "A Valentine with a Verdict," is equally alliterative and suggestive. The book, which is published by Mr. R. H. Russell, of New York, is the history of the Sir William Eden-Whistler controversy and suit, made up from various newspaper accounts, interviews, letters and the proceedings of the Paris court before which the case was tried; being—to use the words of the "Butterfly"—"a most rare and fascinating history, from the palace by the courts, wherein is shown, with much wit and circumstance, how the gentle master, unsuspecting, was sighted, tracked, waylaid, circumvented and run to earth by commercial knight of untiring industry." Mr. Whistler has been charged with a good many shortcomings and vanities, but he is never guilty of being unentertaining. In the matter in question he seems to have made a pretty strong case, and after the verdict of the Court of Appeal at Paris the honours of the encounter rested with him rather than with Sir William Eden. The higher court, it will be remembered, discharged Whistler from any obligation to give up the portrait. As Whistler says in his *resumé*, it established "The DIVINE RIGHT of the Artist to pay damages, and so rid himself cleanly of the carelessly incurred and pertinaciously unbecoming company of this hereintofore completely discovered, penetrating-persevering-planning-devising-valentine-designing-pestilential, and entirely matagrabolising personage." "The DIVINE RIGHT of the Artist to pay damages" is excellent. Mr. Whistler has such a delicious sense of the humorous that we are all the more amazed at those sporadic outbreaks, which make him appear to be temporarily devoid of such a quality.

A rumour has been widely circulated to the effect that "Lucas Malet" is about to join the Roman Church. There is absolutely no truth in the rumour. It is nobody's business anyway; but certain writers, remembering that she is the daughter of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, have commented on the irony of her proposed departure from the Protestant faith, of which her father was so strenuous a champion. Lucas Malet, we understand, has a new novel in hand which is more in the manner of her first powerful novel, *The Wages of Sin*, than is her subsequent work in fiction.

It is hoped that Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, which was to have appeared this autumn, will be ready for publication next spring at the latest. Some of the letters published in *Scribner's* promise well for the book.

The death of Lady Shelley calls to mind that in the days when Stevenson was at Bournemouth, very low in health and spirits, she brought him friendship and good cheer, which he acknowledged in the dedication of *The Master of Ballantrae*—"To Sir Percy Florence and Lady Shelley." Lady Shelley was most loyal to the traditions of her husband's house, and delighted in showing appreciative visitors the portraits of Shelley and his wife, of Godwin, of Mary Wollstonecraft, and other precious relics and mementoes in her possession.

One of the most important literary notices published in the first number of THE BOOKMAN, four and a half years ago, was the announcement, for the first time, of *The Life of George Borrow*, which had been for years in preparation by Professor Knapp, formerly of Yale University. It was then stated that this work of extraordinary interest would probably be published before the end of that year, yet only now has this long-looked-for biography at last seen the light. *The Life, Writings and Correspondence of George Borrow*, by William I. Knapp, is published in two volumes by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, and the book must be pronounced eminently creditable both to the publishers and the author. Most of this credit on the publishers' side is, of course, due to the English house of John Murray. From first

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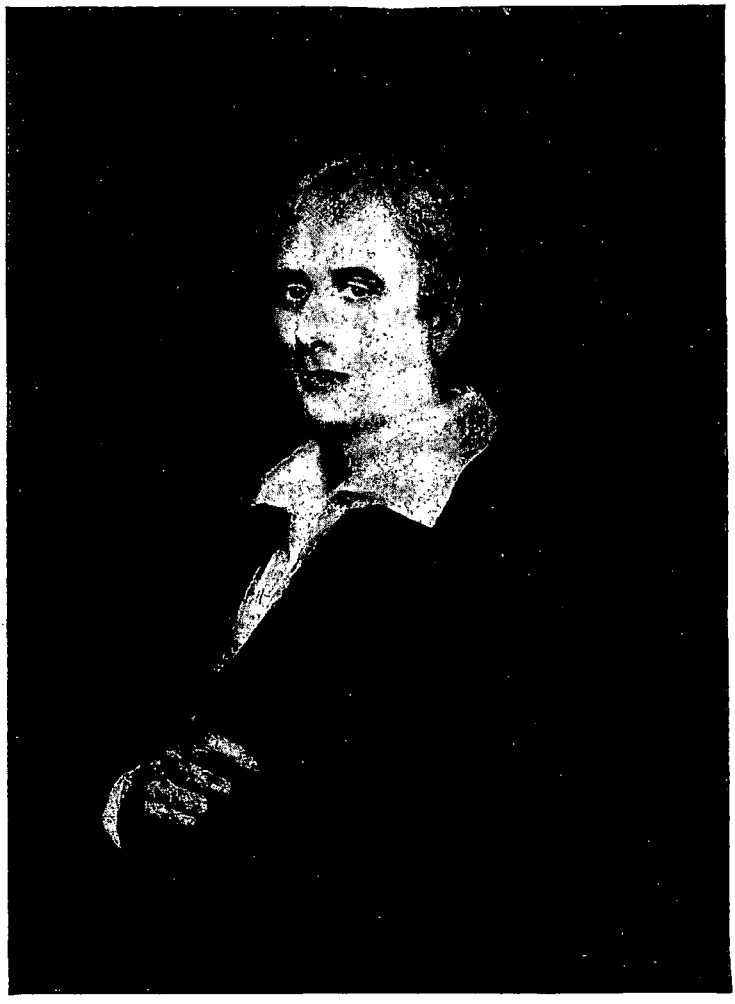

GEORGE BORROW.

From the portrait by T. Phillips, R.A., in the possession of John Murray.

to last this publishing firm treated Borrow, a somewhat wayward client, with the utmost kindness, generosity and forbearance, and now that he is dead they have been careful of his memory. The production of this memoir has been no light task, and it has made great demands alike on patience and on capital. All true Borrovians will rejoice to hear that Dr. Knapp proposes to issue an annotated edition of Borrow's autobiographical work, *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*, really one book in two parts. The omitted passages and episodes are to be restored, and the whole is to be carefully annotated and illustrated from contemporaneous sources. The excellent portrait of Borrow herewith reproduced is taken from the biography through the courtesy of the publishers.

More than fourteen years ago Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton had dedicated his romance of *Aylwin* in a sonnet "To the Beloved Memory of George Borrow, the Great High Priest of the Ungenteel." The sonnet and the dedication were omitted when the book was actually published last autumn, but the apt epithet remains in the memory of those who saw it as highly characteristic of George Borrow. There are many who are inclined to think *The Bible in Spain* Borrow's best

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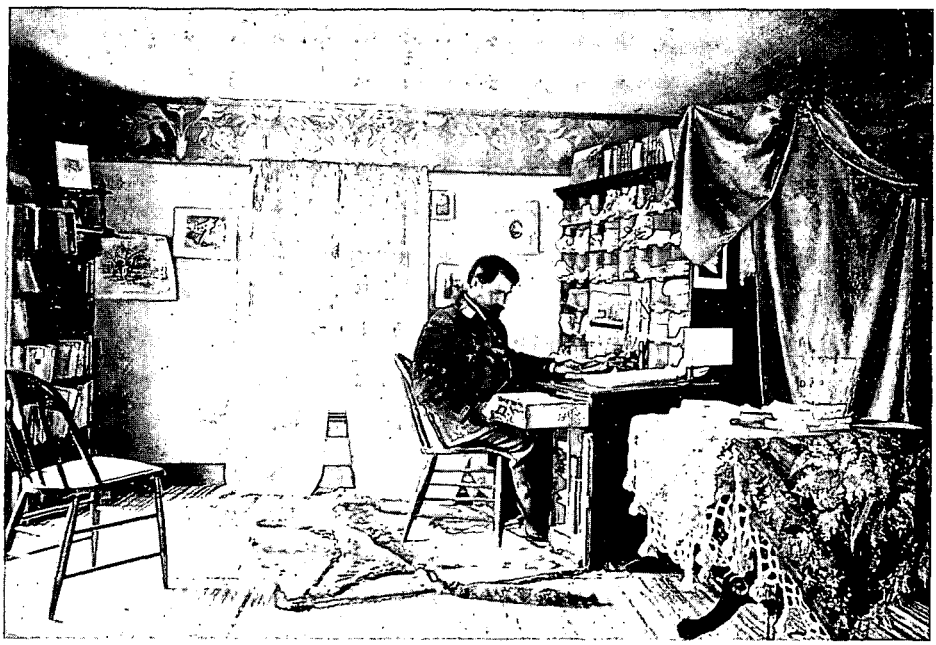

HAMLIN GARLAND IN HIS STUDY.

book. *The Bible in Spain* is a classic, but it lacks the strange and haunting charm of *Lavengro*, the book in the end on which Borrow's fame will rest. *Lavengro*, to be sure, is not everybody's book; to appreciate it there must be a largeness of mind and a breadth of sympathy that are not very common. No one can be stupid, or dull, or narrow who revels in *Lavengro*. It has been said that to appreciate it in the right way is a certificate of character. *Lavengro* was published in 1851, and *The Romany Rye* in 1856. Borrow died alone in his home at Oulton in 1881 at the age of seventy-eight. His friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, wrote the best and most discerning tribute to his memory in the *Athenæum*, and others have since come forward to speak eloquently of his merits, among them being Mr. Augustine Birrell. George Borrow with all his angularities and morbidities was an excellent man. He passed through life in his own devious and erratic way, but from beginning to end he was pure, honourable, diligent and highminded. As a master of English, there are eminent critics who dare to rank him with the foremost of the century, in a small company where perhaps not more than half a dozen are to be found.

The Macmillan Company have just published Mr. Hamlin Garland's record of travel in prose and verse—the fruitage of his recent sojourning in Alaska and the Klondike. Some of the verses have already appeared in *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Garland's book will be read with a greater interest than most Klondike books, not only because it is so far perhaps the sole literary outcome of the Klondike in literature, but because of its having been written by an eye-witness who is a literary artist. The Macmillan Company are publishing Mr. Hamlin Garland's books in a new uniform edition, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* having been issued a few weeks ago. Mr. Garland is another American author who is visiting England this summer.

Mr. Bret Harte has written a story of about ten thousand words for the Christmas number of a leading magazine. It is a return to his old manner of "Snowed Up at Eagle's"—a welcome return, as many people will think. He calls the story "The Belle of Canada City."

For the same magazine Mr. Levett Yeats has completed another French story

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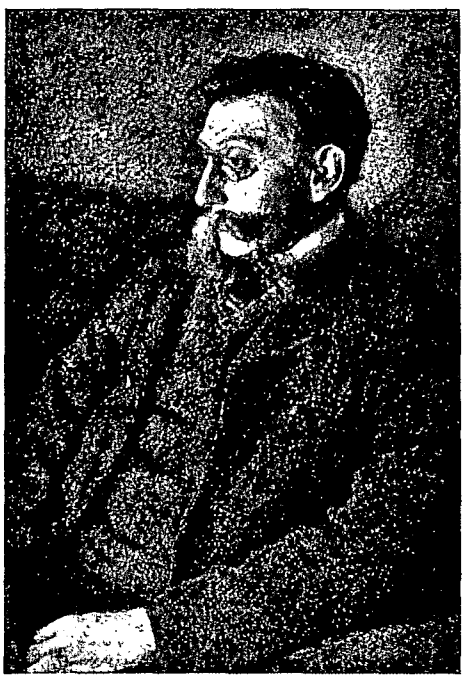
of some eleven thousand words. Mr. Levett Yeats is not a believer in London as a working centre, which he intends to abandon shortly for Italy, where he will resume his Italian studies for the novel upon which we announced already he was engaged.

It is gratifying to note that interest in *The Greater Inclination,* by Mrs. Edith Wharton, is becoming widespread, and that the demand for the book is daily increasing. We also learn with pleasure that a second edition of Mr. Phillpotts's *Children of the Mist* had to be printed almost immediately after the first was issued. Both books are genuine contributions to literature.

We notice that Mr. Edward Fuller, who contributes a review of Mrs. Oliphant's *Autobiography and Letters* to this number, writing elsewhere, says: "If I were to name the best novel I have read (published this year) I should unhesitatingly put down *Children of the Mist.* It has a touch of Hardy; it has a touch of Blackmore; and yet it is fresh and original and powerful." Mr. Fuller's judgment is worth heeding, for he is one of the few critics in this country who take a calm, sane and just view of contemporary books and writers.

The Revell Company will publish in the autumn the popular lectures on "Ten Masterpieces of Literature," which Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis has been delivering in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. In book form they will be entitled *Great Books as Life Teachers,* and the works on which the studies are based are Tennyson's *Idylls of the King,* Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture,* George Eliot's "Tito" in *Romola,* Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables,* Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter,* Browning's *Saul,* Emerson's *Conduct of Life,* Thoreau's *Walden,* Channing's *Symphony of Life,* and a study of the personality of James Russell Lowell as "The Prophet of the New Era of Social Sympathy and Service." The book is likely to be popular with a large class of readers.

Recently, Mr. Arthur Symons issued through an English publisher a translation of Émile Verhaeren's symbolistic drama, *Les Aubes. The Dawn,* as the title has been translated, is undoubtedly a great poem, but there are great poems that are untranslatable, and we fear that the task Mr. Symons has attempted is beyond any translator's skill. He has expended a great deal of ingenuity and has shown real poetic force, but one wishes that the ingenuity and force had been



EMILE VERHAEREN.

spent upon original work. *The Dawn* is the work of a distinguished symbolist, but M. Verhaeren's symbolistic craft only reaches to the rendering of single ideas. Here where it is stretched to cover a drama it fails. M. Verhaeren is more successful with his poems, a volume of which has just been published by Mr. John Lane, and is reviewed on another page. We give here a portrait of the Belgian dramatist and poet.

Dr. Georg Brandes, who has been studying Ibsen and Björnson for some years, has given us the result of his critical inquiry and research in a volume which has just been published by the Macmillan Company. The part of the book devoted to Ibsen consists of three distinct studies of the dramatist, written

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BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

each at intervals of sixteen years. We thus see, as Mr. William Archer says in his introduction, the progress of two remarkable minds side by side "not a focussed appreciation of the whole of Ibsen by the whole of Brandes, but a contemporaneously noted record of the ever-developing relation throughout more than thirty years" of the two men. It is noteworthy that Dr. Brandes's final opinion of Ibsen is the most favourable.

Björnson's new play, *Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg*, recently translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Braekstad, and published by the Messrs. Harper, is a play of the deepest human interest, but with a rather unpopular subject. Sometimes one has to say hard things about Björnson's treatment of great subjects. When he deals with idyllic love he is always charming; when he deals with its other phases he is often morbid and brutal. In his latest play the love story is a notable incident, but psychologically it is of no importance at all. The drama is played within the field of politics and is made to

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test and reveal a man's limits in strength and temperament. As a piece of literature the play is vigorous and well wrought out; but it is so much a bit of real life selected for the stage rather than adapted for it that we are never diverted from the theme and from the question it embodies. Björnson always brings to the problems of public and practical life the service of a touching devotion, an ardent intellect and a sensitive conscience. We give herewith the latest portrait of Björnstjerne Björnson.

Mr. Pinero has had rather a short interval of leisure since finishing *The Gay Lord Quex*, which, by the way, took him six months to write. He is soon to settle down to work again, and will leave England for Switzerland this month. *The Gay Lord Quex* will be seen here in the autumn, probably at the Empire.

We notice with pleasure that so keen-sighted a critic as Mr. Charles F. Nirdlinger, whose *Masques and Mummers* was reviewed at length in our last number, counts himself among the admirers of Mrs. Fiske, and writes with enthusiasm about her forthcoming impersonation of Becky Sharp. "If the dramatisation of *Vanity Fair*," says Mr. Nirdlinger, "be in any reasonable degree adequate, I predict for the stage production of the greatest novel in the English language a distinctly memorable success. Mrs. Fiske has taken pains to secure a cast of exceptional fitness, but it would take very bad actors, indeed, to fail to score with such vivid personalities as Thackeray created. There is no production announced for next season to which one may look forward with more lively interest and pleasurable anticipation than the scenic transformation of *Vanity Fair*."

"When *The Sunken Bell* is produced by the Sotherns," says the same writer, "Mrs. Sothern will have in 'Rantendelein' the most splendid rôle that she has ever attempted. There are not more than half a dozen actresses in the world who could conceive the part to the full and give adequate expression to their conception of the character." The English version of *The Sunken Bell*, which we announced some time ago as in preparation, has just been issued in a very dainty form by Mr. R. H. Russell. Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer has done the work of translation with a sensitive perception and poetic appreciation of the original, which have won him golden words from Hauptmann himself. We have been given to understand that Mr. Meltzer's version will be used by the Sotherns in their presentation of this fairy play or dream poem. A writer on "Modern German Drama" in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July declares that the bibliography of the play would fill a fair-sized bookshelf. In seven months it passed through twenty-eight editions. Gerhart Hauptmann is credited with the remark that a *Sunken Bell* occurs only once in a man's lifetime. "Hauptmann's message is as universal as that of *Faust* itself, and the story of Heinrich, Rantendelein and Magda should serve to remind us again and again that the gleam is not false, nor the music out of tune, though lights still fail and bells still sink."

Mr. Joseph Shaylor, one of the managing directors of the largest clearing house in Great Britain, Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Company, was interviewed recently for an English contemporary, and as he is an authority on the history of books and bookselling, he has many interesting stories to tell of how things were done in the book trade years ago, when life went more leisurely and the bookseller deserved the encomium of Mr. Ruskin, that there is no more honourable and useful life than that of "an honest and intelligent bookseller." For instance, Mr. Shaylor says that a curious custom was common among booksellers in the last century which finds no place among them to-day except to a very limited extent. They used to divide the expense of publishing a book among a number of their fellow-booksellers. This was the case with many well-known works, such as Buffon's *Quadrupeds*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Johnson's *Dictionary*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Richardson's *Pamela*, and Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. In 1766, at a sale, one-fortieth of Johnson's *Dictionary* fetched £1080; one-thirty-sixth of Milton's *Paradise Lost*,

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£900; one-sixty-fourth of Pope's *Iliad*, £1080. In 1805, one-twenty-sixth of Fielding's *Tom Jones* fetched £8; while one-one-hundred-and-sixtieth of Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* was sold for £5! Mr. Shaylor pointed out the amusing result of this method in the case of Cruden's *Concordance*. At one time a shareholder had $211\frac{2}{15}$ of that work, while yet another had this extraordinary share—$338\frac{527}{936}$! Perhaps Cruden knew of this; and it resulted in sending him to a madhouse!

Yet another curious custom Mr. Shaylor mentioned was in vogue sixty years ago, when the three-volume novel was so popular. The publishers issued the sheets unbound, and left it to the booksellers to bind them. Notice was given of the day and hour when these sheets would be ready, and at that time the booksellers' assistants would be eagerly waiting for their sheets. When they received their lot, a race to the libraries began; for it was a recognised arrangement that whoever arrived first with the books ready bound should supply the librarian with the copies he required. All sorts of expedients were resorted to in order to get the books bound first. Some prepared the covers before the sheets were issued; but they consisted only of grey paper boards. Mr. Mudie, however, put an end to this custom when he started his business, and bound the sheets himself.

Mr. Shaylor mentions one very interesting and important fact. He believes that a great decline is taking place both in the production and sale of religious books, new and old. Many of the favourites of our fathers are rarely asked for, and new favourites do not take their place to the same extent. The first half of this century was the Golden Age for religious books. He accounts for the decline by the growth of independent thought and the absence of any great wave of religious emotion. Goulburn's *Thoughts on Personal Religion*, which Mr. Gladstone used to give to his youthful friends, is never heard of nowadays, and books that once were very popular in this field have now comparatively little sale.

Mr. Shaylor is of the opinion that the sales of books are very much affected by reviews. At the same time he admits that a review in the *Times* and *Spectator* does not now accomplish what it used to do, when a review in either paper was efficacious in sending a book through at least one edition. During the Franco-German war, for instance, a little book was published called *The Fight at Dame Europa's School*, which was declined by many publishers and finally issued in a very small edition. A notice of it appeared in the *Times*, and no less than 200,000 copies were sold as a result. The same sort of thing happened with Hugh Conway's *Called Back*. It did not sell until a society journal noticed it, and then at least 400,000 copies were sold. As to the value of advertisements in helping the sale of books, Mr. Shaylor submits two authentic facts. One author spent £200 ($1000) in advertising and did not sell a copy. Another spent 3s. 6d. (84 cents) and sold 80,000 copies in a year.

Speaking of novels, Mr. Shaylor said that fiction represents about one-third of the books published, and can easily be divided into three divisions. The most popular is the purely ideal or imaginative work; then comes the historical novel; and lastly, the sex novel, which he thinks is dying out. "It is the general reader," he says, "who decides the class of novel which shall be popular or fashionable. He does not trouble himself about classification, if a book runs smoothly and its characters be not too much involved. It may preach or it may teach, be with a purpose or without one; but let it be a story well told by an adept in the art of story-telling, and the public will sooner or later express its approval. And should the plot be original, and its execution out of the ordinary groove, a fashion in this particular class may be established which may run for a considerable number of years."

We learn that Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is now occupied in arranging a new volume of her poems, to be published about the end of October. Mrs. Moulton intends to make a rigorous selection and to collect in book form only the best of her verses, which have appeared periodi-

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cally during the last few years. It will be called *At the Wind's Will,* and will be published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. The volume, we are sure, will be awaited with eagerness by those who have felt the charm of Mrs. Moulton's poetry.

The Sewanee Review, which is the quarterly journal of the University of the South, will hereafter bear the imprint of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company. It will continue to devote its pages chiefly to literature and to history. The editor of *The Sewanee Review* is Professor W. P. Trent, who contributed to it not long ago a part of the acute study of Milton, which has just been published by the Macmillan Company.

The new edition of H. C. Bunner's poems—the third since his death—will be enlarged by the insertion of his posthumous verses. The H. C. Bunner Gold Medal was awarded at the last commencement of Columbia University for the first time. This is said to be the first prize ever instituted in any American university specifically for work in American literature. The medal itself has been designed and modelled by Mr. Charles Y. Harvey, the instructor in sculpture at the Art Students' League.

Miss Johnston's successful first novel, *Prisoners of Hope,* published here last autumn, has been issued in England under the title, *The Old Dominion.* The book is making an impression on English critics, who as a whole are "much struck by the unusual power and dignity manifested, and by the excellence of style." They are generally convinced that if Miss Johnston can produce "more work of this calibre, she will make an honourable name for herself." The second instalment of her new novel, *To Have and to Hold,* which we have just seen in the July *Atlantic,* shows that the author of *Prisoners of Hope* is likely to sustain her reputation.

We are not surprised to learn that the author of *A Tent of Grace,* recently published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, was born in Germany; that through her paternal grandfather she is descended from old Spanish stock, and that her mother's father was brought up in the faith of his father, who was a Rabbi. When she was quite young her parents settled in England, and later, after her father had retired from business, and at the instance of her brothers, who had established themselves in New York, the family moved to America. She became interested in literary work, and wrote a great deal for the American Press Association. After her marriage, reverses overtook her, and all power of literary effort seemed to be paralysed. This was a great grief to her, but about three years ago the power to write came back with a rush, and it was then that Mrs. Lust began *A Tent of Grace.* The subject—a romance involving racial distinctions, in this case the deep gulf between Jew and Christian—had taken root in her mind eight years before. She wrote and rewrote for nearly a year until the book was finally completed to her satisfaction. *A Tent of Grace* is a story of unusual power and interest, manifested not only in the handling of its tremendous problem, but in its literary style, which has a certain distinction of its own.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have acquired the rights of Miss Alice Brown's *Meadow-Grass* and *On the Road to Castaly.* This places her books now in the hands of one publishing house. Miss Brown's *Tiverton Tales,* which is to her *Meadow-Grass* what Miss Wilkins's *New England Nun* volume was to her *Humble Romance,* is meeting with a like success. Miss Brown's stories of New England life seem to be more in favour with that particular section than Miss Wilkins's; the former has not found it necessary in making imaginative use of their peculiar traits to eliminate all the elements of joy from their lives. The difference in temperament evinced in these stories, we should say, is largely a difference in the personality of their authors.

Mr. John Lane has removed his publishing quarters from Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street farther up the avenue, and is now situated at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street. The management

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of Mr. Lane's New York branch has been transferred from the shoulders of Mr. Mitchell Kennerley to those of Mr. Hunter H. Robinson. Mr. Robinson has been creditably associated with the firm of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Company, of London, and has been for some time a contributor to London literary papers. Mr. Kennerley, we believe, has literary and publishing plans of his own, and intends to set up in business for himself when he returns in the autumn from his visit to London.

Speaking of the forthcoming volume of E. P. Roe's Reminiscences, edited by his sister, in the "News from New York," contributed to the July *Book News*, the writer makes the statement: "Not much is heard nowadays of Mr. Roe's writings, once the best selling of all works in their kind." For this writer's enlightenment, we may say that not less than seventeen thousand copies of *Barriers Burned Away* alone were sold last year. This is not so bad, in these days of spluttering literary fireworks, for a book that has been before the public since 1872. Over one hundred thousand copies of E. P. Roe's works were sold in 1898.

Mr. Arthur J. Stringer, whose forthcoming book, *The Loom of Destiny*, will be published by Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company in the autumn, is a Canadian by birth, and a graduate of Oxford, 1898. Mr. Stringer has been engaged in journalistic work in New York for about a year, and has taken a place among the promising young writers of the day. *The Loom of Destiny* is a collection of short sketches dealing with child life in the slums. Some of these sketches have appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine*. Mr. Stringer is also known through his poetry, which is frequently to be met with in the leading magazines. Two books of his verse were published in Canada several years ago.

When *No. 5 John Street* appeared in the spring it was favourably commented upon in these columns, and since then the book has deservedly passed through several editions. As Mr. Whiteing's work appeals more to the thoughtful class of readers, especially those interested in sociological problems, the following statement regarding its inception will be of interest. We quote it from *Book News:*

> I wrote *No. 5 John Street* to atone to myself, after a fashion, for a lost hope. When, years ago, I returned to my native London, after a long residence abroad, and particularly in France, it was with a fixed resolve to settle in one of our poorest quarters, and to live its life—just to learn how it felt. I had always thought that the man who could do this might in time attain to something of the poise of Browning's "Lazarus," after he had seen death. I had, however, no sense of the affronting of heroic hardship in the venture, but only, or chiefly, that stimulus of keen social curiosity which led to Haroun's occasional nights off in Bagdad. I wanted to know—that is all. But circumstances prevented the full realisation of the plan. The next best thing was to see what I could of this nether world, as I could. This I did; and, finally, I sought compensation for the larger forfeiture of the larger scheme of continuous residence by still enjoying it as an imaginative experience on the real basis of my furtive and fragmentary, yet actual studies from the life. My hero, at least, could do what I had been balked of doing. Hence, *No. 5 John Street*, which may be described as a statement, in the form of art, of the problem of the palace and the slum.

Widespread interest has been aroused by the announcement of the discovery of two unknown manuscripts from the pen of the elder Dumas, which are the property of a Greek gentleman called Stylianos Apostolides. Mr. Home Gordon, to whom have been entrusted the translation and publication of these manuscripts, is very enthusiastic over this literary find. The journey of these precious papers from a free library in Cyprus, through the hands of Parisian experts, and ultimately into Mr. Gordon's possession, makes quite an exciting story. The facsimile of a sheet of the manuscript of the first story, which is herewith reproduced, will in all probability be the second page in the published volume. The title of the book has not yet been chosen, and Mr. Gordon states that all announcements of the title of the book in print are absolutely premature and unauthorised. The action of the romance, which is now be-

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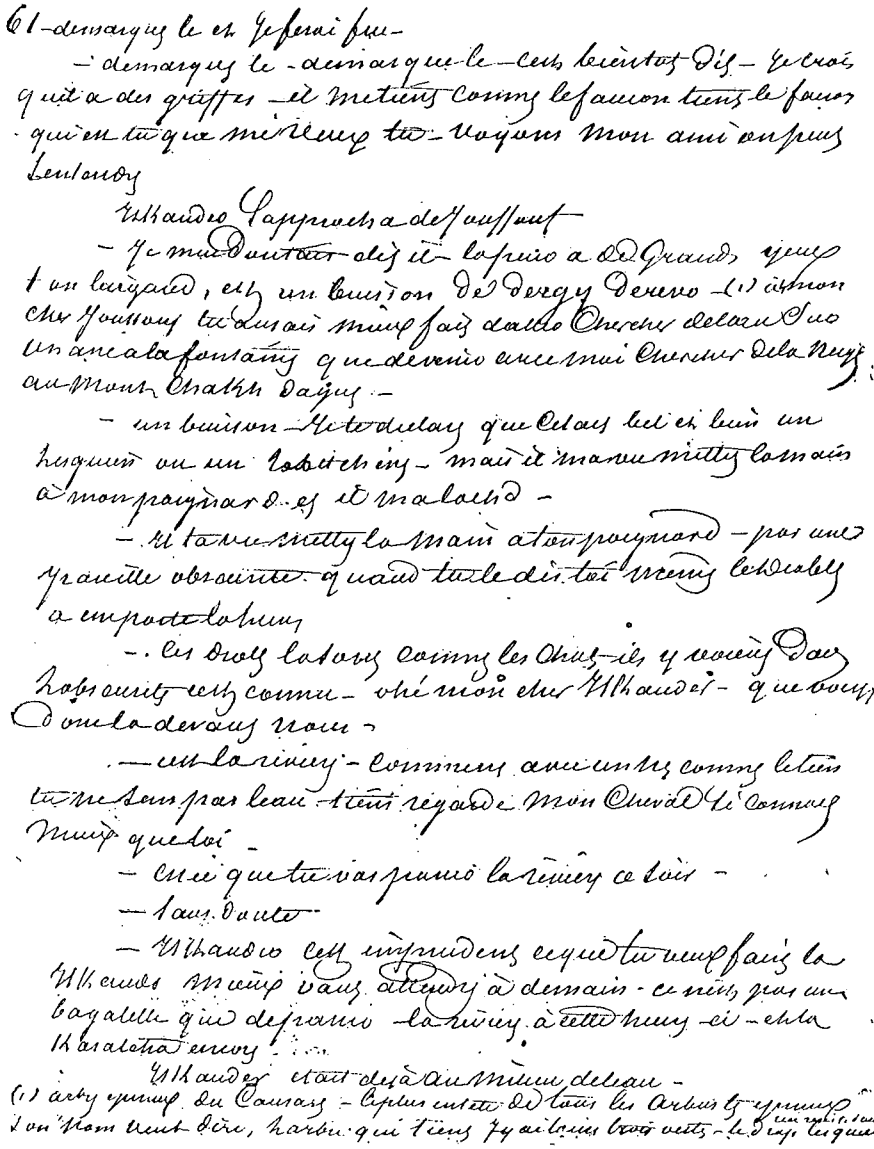

A PAGE OF THE RECENTLY FOUND DUMAS MANUSCRIPT.

ing translated with a view to publication in the autumn, passes in or near the town of Derbend, an important port on the Caspian Sea, belonging to the province of Daghestan. It is a story of love and adventure, and is not only exciting, but often fantastic and humorous. The story, however, is far from being the sole attraction of this romance. Dumas, it appears, had saturated himself in the customs of Daghestan. Mr. Gordon is of the opinion that the other romance will be the more popular of the two. Both, he claims, can afford to court criticism on their own merits as well as on the ground that they are the posthumous literary legacy of this fine old French writer.

The great success of a new book like *When Knighthood was in Flower* is usually attended by all sorts of "faked" stories, and the reading public, who is a party to the conspiracy, lightly finds entertainment

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in them and as lightly forgets them. But when an erroneous statement to the effect that the novel which we have just mentioned had been rejected by several well-known firms before it was finally accepted and published by the Bowen-Merrill Company finds credence in the literary columns of so important a sheet as the New York *Commercial Advertiser,* one feels that it is time to protest. As a matter of fact, *When Knighthood was in Flower* was never rejected or declined by any publisher. Mr. Charles Major, the author, first sent it to one of the leading New York publishers, an old and conservative house, who promptly accepted it. Their acceptance, however, included directions to the author to cut out a scene in the story which they characterised as indelicate if not indecent. The scene objected to, we may say, is that in which King Henry the Eighth comments on the marriage of Brandon and Mary Tudor when the King learns that his sister was married "with her golden hair flowing from her shoulders"—really one of the dramatic climaxes of the story. Mr. Major declined to cut out or modify the scene in any way and withdrew the manuscript. It was next submitted to the Bowen-Merrill Company, and very shortly afterward was published by them.

Perhaps *When Knighthood Was in Flower* is one of the exceptions which prove the rule. Certainly in the case of *David Harum,* as to whose selling qualities there would seem to be no sort of doubt, it was far otherwise. Six well-known firms had rejected the book before Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, about the end of December, 1897, accepted the manuscript promptly, and aroused the author from a despair which was really becoming tragic when we remember that he was then lying on his deathbed. It is pathetic, indeed, to learn that Mr. Westcott's health rallied somewhat for a short time after receiving the good news. The manuscript, however, was accepted conditionally, and we are not surprised to learn that at first the author positively refused to comply with the conditions. It is said that had the book been printed from the original manuscript it would have numbered over five hundred pages With a reluctance that can be well understood Mr. Westcott at length gave his consent to the proposed alterations. He looked forward to the joy of reading the proofs and seeing the book in the hands of the public, but this was not to be. It was six months after the death of its author that *David Harum* appeared.

A few weeks ago the *Academy* in a Tourist Supplement printed a collection of opinions from writers on the best month's holiday for a literary man of average means. Some of the opinions were practical and serious, others were whimsical and amusing, the briefest and most characteristic was that offered by Max Beerbohm—"a four-post bed in a field of poppies!" Needless to say, that one writer frequently contradicted another, as when Mr. Pett Ridge submits that "London can furnish all the change of surroundings that he wants," and Mr. Silas K. Hocking, immediately following upon this, vehemently exclaims, "Get right away from London." But we have been more amused by a contribution on the subject in the London *Outlook* which very cleverly parodies the *Academy's* ambitious project. "The *Academy's* collection is pretty," says the *Outlook,* "but incomplete. Accordingly, we venture to fill in a few of the gaps ourselves." Here are a few of the gaps:

MR. MARK T——N.

There is no rest for the wicked. Change, however, may be obtained at most decent banks, providing one has something to change. Yet it is written that writers of average means never have any change. Excuse the apparent flippancy of this reply. It is due to the Clemens-cy of the weather. (P. S.—I like this Clemens-cy pun even better than the one I fired off at the Authors' Club dinner.)

MISS MARIE C——I.

I am not acquainted with any literary *men.* Consequently *my* advice as to how such persons should spend their holidays would be superfluous. Reviewers, however—but there, I *scorn* them!

THE POET L——TE.

Be quiet in your garden, provided it is not let. . . . And if you can possibly manage to keep out of the *Times, do!*

MR. RUDYARD K——G.

'Ware America!

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MR. RICHARD LE G——E.

So many things may be done in a moon. Why not chase the gilt-edged girl on some bright heath? But if I were—er—a literary man, instead of a man of letters, I really believe that Margate would content me.

DR. ROBERTSON N——LL.

Whether for holiday-making or other purposes there is no sweeter spot in the world than KENT—a land flowing with bonnie apple-trees and fat with kail and brose. Wherefore, for a month at least, dare to be a man of those parts. I may add that my friend and fellow-worker "O. O." and my esteemed colleague "Claudius Clear" entirely endorse this recommendation.

MR. HALL C——E.

Thank you for remembering me. It is my pride and joy that I am a writer, and we all (need I say?) relish a little judicious recognition now and then. The kind of holiday a writer should take depends, of course, upon the kind of writer he happens to be. For example, a writer of fiction might—if it will run to it—betake himself to the blue Mediterranean "on his yacht." That, at any rate, is the proper thing to do. If, on the other hand, he be a writer of interviews—the steamboat service between L——pool and the Isle of M—n is excellent, and we can always make him comfortable.

MR. DOOLEY.

Holidays, Hinnissy! Holidays did ye say? Holidays is it, for a lithry man, Hinnissy? Th' big, harrd-wurrked lithry man, Hinnissy! By th' mother o' Moses ye move me to th' hear-rt's coor. But, ye're right, Hinnissy, ye're right, for all that. Th' lithry man *does* wurrk. An' mighty harrd, Hinnissy—mighty harrd. Dhrawin' rylties, I tell ye, is th' harrdest wurrk that was iver seen in th' Sixth Wa-ard. It's as harrd as paving-blocks, Hinnissy, an' as moist as hot wans! But when ye've said that, ye've said all. Ye *have*—ye've said all. An' if ye want a rale handsome binificient stimmylatin' holiday for a lithry man, Hinnissy—a lithry man that's wasted a whool year fiddlin' wid a pen when he might ha' been engagin' in th' publishin' business, or keepin' a book store, or mindin' a lift, or goin' about wid a circus—if ye want a holiday for such a man, Hinnissy—well—be advised by me, an' tote him round to th' nearest Pinitinchary.

"Mr. Dooley," we understand, is getting huge enjoyment out of his visit to London. His most exciting experience, he says, was the occasion on which his own writings were offered to him published at a penny. "No self-respecting humourist," he grumbles for a moment, "likes to be going in penny numbers. His jokes look cheap that way." Mr. Dunne, however, accepts with a quiet philosophy the appearance in England of editions which have no promise of royalties. "I would rather," he said in confidence to a friend, "be pirated with Shakespeare than copyrighted with—well, I shan't give names." Mr. Dunne expects to be in London until September, when he will return to Chicago to resume his editorial post.

In an interview with a representative of the London *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Dunne told a story about the evening paper in which Mr. Dooley first made his appearance—an ill-fated sheet which the gods loved. One day, just before the end, a funeral passed the office with a band playing the "Dead March" from *Saul*. The editor and Mr. Dunne watched it with emotion and fear. "Can it be," they whispered, "our subscriber?"

Mr. Dunne has arranged to write a series of articles on English life to appear periodically through the medium of "Mr. Dooley" in this country as well as in England.

The spring publication season has been unusually rich in books that will help the reader now on holiday bent to pass many a pleasant hour, but for sheer excitement and inventive genius the burglarian exploits of *The Amateur Cracksman* carry off the palm. Raffles is as irresistible and ingenious—as distinct and convincing a creation as Sherlock Holmes. Indeed, this amateur cracksman is the consummately clever counterpart of the great amateur detective; it is a curious coincidence, by the way, that the author, Mr. E. W. Hornung, is the brother-in-law of Conan Doyle. The disappearance of Raffles in the last story is very dexterously handled, sufficiently so to make his reappearance in some future book quite a sensation. For we are certain that the book will call for an *encore* as surely as did *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*.

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Mr. Hornung's book is, of course, pure fiction, but if you want a transcript from life in pure fact of the same sort of thing you may have it galore in *The Hooligan Nights*—"being the life and opinions of a young and unrepentant criminal recounted by himself as set forth by Clarence Rook." It is difficult, nevertheless, in reading the adventures of young Alf to remember that their hero has a real existence. Mr. Rook's introduction to young Alf, as he tells us in his preface, came about in this wise:

> Mr. Grant Richards, the English publisher, one day showed me some sheets of manuscript, which he said might interest me. They did. They contained certain confessions and revelations of a boy who professed to be a leader of Hooligans. But what interested me most was the engaging personality behind these confessions; and I asked Mr. Richards to bring us together. A meeting was arranged, and I was not disappointed. This led to other meetings, during which I became so interested in young Alf that it occurred to me to place him on record, thinking that you would not be unwilling to have a photograph of the young man who walks to and fro in your midst, ready to pick your pocket, rifle your house, and even bash you in a dark corner if it is made worth his while. . . . I do not commend the ways of my young friend, or even apologise for them. I simply set him before you as a fact that must be dealt with. Young Alf has interested me hugely, and I trust he will not bore you.

Far from it; young Alf and his ways in life, from which a great gulf separates us, have a novelty and excitement about them that awaken interest and admiration, even while we are aware that in all conscience we should pity and condemn. But, as young Alf's sponsor in print says, we are "not responsible for the constitution of the universe."

An unconscious humour crept into a recent advertisement of two books, published by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, which appeared in the New York *Times Saturday Review*, through the misplacing of the comments attached to each book. Mr. W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York *Times*, was made to declare that *The Hooligan Nights* is "one of the most important books on music that has ever been published," and the *Nation* to aver of the same book that "for students of music who want to know something of all branches of the art and can afford to buy only one book, this is the thing." The same periodical was made responsible for the statement that M. Lavignac, in his *Music and Musicians*, is "funny because he can't help it," while the New York *Tribune* solemnly asserted that it is a "captivating, warm-weather book."

The July number of *McClure's Magazine* contains a biographical sketch of Rudyard Kipling which has been written by Professor Charles Eliot Norton for the new popular edition of Mr. Kipling's works. It is stated that Mr. Kipling's father, John Lockwood Kipling, was the son of a Wesleyan preacher of Yorkshire birth, and in the July *Critic* we have a portrait of Mr. Lockwood Kipling. There is no further reference to the Wesleyan preacher—the grandfather of Mr. Rudyard Kipling—from whom he has inherited through his father many of the sturdy traits so characteristic of the man and his work. One who has been recently foregathering with the moorland farmers in Yorkshire finds that the North Country Methodists have been strangely stirred to excitement over the news that has reached them about "a certain Kipling." "You may think it is boasting," say they, "but that very Kipling springs from these parts, and his people are with us to this day. If you go to Malton tomorrow you can be introduced without the least difficulty to the uncle after whom he is named, and at least in one comfortable farmhouse not far away you can hear of a merry, good-tempered little fellow who used to visit there, and whom they familiarly called 'Rud.'" The Rev. Joseph Kipling was born near Whitby in 1805, and we learn from the stolid, but communicative Yorkshireman that the great writer's full name is Joseph Rudyard, after his grandfather and the uncle now living at Malton. The real home of the Kiplings was at Edston, near Pickering, where the last representative of the old generation recently died. The family—our friend, who is great on questions of pedigree, explains—intermarried with the Lockwoods of Skelton. Mr. Lockwood, who was the steward of Sir

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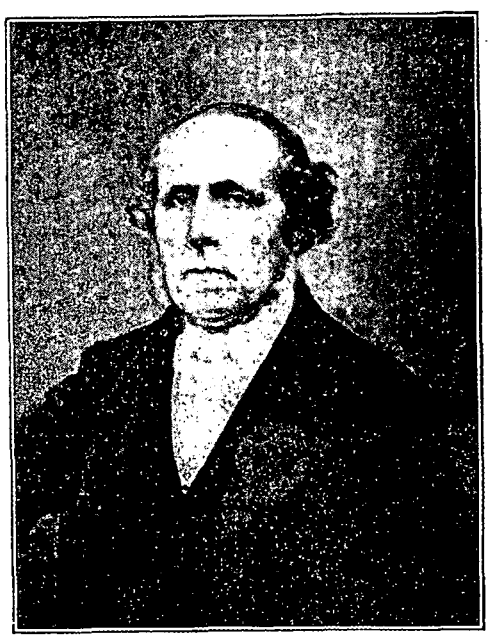
Michael Wharton, appears as one of the figures in Wilkie's great picture of "The Rent Day." Existing pictures of the Rev. Joseph, he next explains, would give the impression that he was a tall man, but the Kiplings are all of about medium height. The portrait given here is from a crude reproduction of an old daguerreotype. He was a dark, round-headed man, with a very piercing eye and a keen, intellectual face, a voracious reader, and something of a bibliophile. He was what Methodists of the last generation always called "a sound preacher." His ministry was spent mostly in country circuits, where his training and tastes rendered him peculiarly acceptable to the people. His last circuit was Skipton, where members of his family still reside. He lived some time there in indifferent health, and preached his last sermon on the day of the Prince Consort's funeral, from the text, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." A few days later he was taken ill and died. He left six children, most of whom are still alive.

From the painstaking Methodist preacher to the creator of "Mulvaney" seems a far cry indeed, but the preference for strong, expressive phraseology, the earnest scorn for flimsy unrealities, and the uncompromising taste for calling things by their proper names, which are so strongly characteristic of the soldier's laureate, are not only decided family idiosyncrasies, but Yorkshire and Methodist ones, too; and though the *Departmental Ditties* are not exactly hymns, yet "The Recessional" more than reassures us, and "The White Man's Burden" expresses the spirit of patriotic missionary Imperialism in a way that should relieve our Yorkshire friend of the moorland farm of any anxiety as to the real source of the inspiration.

The most interesting figure in Wesleyan Methodism at present is the president of the great Wesleyan Conference in London, the Rev. Frederic W. Macdonald, whose sister is the mother of Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Macdonald has had a career that has brought him in touch with the kingdoms of art, literature and scholarship, as well as of religion. "No man," he says, "had ever five more remarkable sisters than mine. The eldest, my sister Alice, married Mr. Lockwood Kipling, and became the mother of the novelist; the second is Lady Burne-Jones; the third, Lady Poynter." Mr. Macdonald met Mr. Lockwood Kipling during his ministry at Burslem. "He was an artist, as you know, and was engaged at that time in designing and modelling in the potteries. A warm friendship grew up between us, and my sister, being on a visit to me at the time, made Mr. Kipling's acquaintance and was soon engaged to him." By the way, Mr. Macdonald confirms the story about the origination of the name of Rudyard Kipling. "Rudyard is a little place near Leek, where my



REV. JOSEPH KIPLING.
From an old daguerreotype.

sister and Mr. Kipling spent the day from which their engagement dated." Like all his Wesleyan relatives and friends, Mr. Macdonald is proud of his nephew: "He was the most precocious child I ever knew, and it was noticed from the beginning that he had a wonderful memory, keen powers of observation, and a remarkable facility of speech."

As for Burne-Jones, Mr. Macdonald "cannot help thinking that he was the

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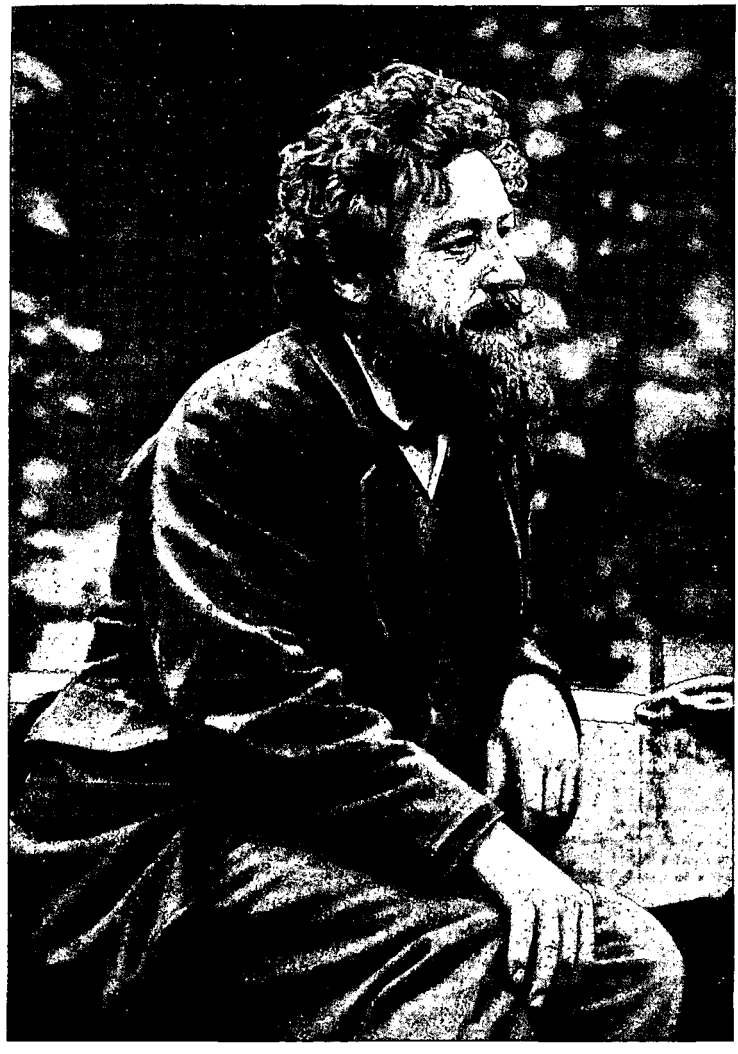

WILLIAM MORRIS, AGED 41.
From a photograph by F. Hollyer.

foremost painter of our time, and that his work will live longer than that of any of his contemporaries. He was one of the few men I have known who possessed without doubt the indefinable thing called genius." Rossetti "alternately fascinated and repelled" him. "William Morris always seemed to me a Titan. Sometimes I was almost afraid of the whirlwind of his manners and habits."

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company have just published *The Life of William Morris*, which Mr. J. W. Mackail has been engaged on for some time. The work was printed at the Chiswick Press, and is embellished with many illustrations; the biography has been written with great patience, diligence and good feeling. The volumes are of a sort which when you open them promise much delight and tempt you to fall upon their contents with great eagerness. We must confess to some disappointment in finding that the literary life of Morris plays a very subordinate part in the book. William Morris was an active being all his days—an architect, a painter, a poet, a designer of wall-papers, a prose writer and

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a Socialist. The only thing about him, we venture to say, that will be of interest to future generations is that he was a poet. Not much of his prose work, fine as most of it is, can hope for any permanent life. But his poetry will long hold a place somewhere below Rossetti and Swinburne. What a wonderful year that was when in 1870 *The Earthly Paradise*, *Songs Before Sunrise* and Rossetti's *Poems* all appeared within the same twelve months! It will be admitted by most critics that Morris reached his zenith as a poet in *The Defence of Guenevere*. Mr. Mackail is very reticent in disclosing the private life of Morris, and he is especially silent about the poet's relations to his literary contemporaries. This is the more strange when we remember that Morris followed contemporary literature more closely than many men who were supposed to be less abstracted, and that he had decided views and a very positive way of expressing them. No attempt is made, either, to range Morris among his great contemporaries, though criticism is in every sense Mr. Mackail's forte. We do not wish, however, to be ungracious. The impression left of Morris after reading Mr. Mackail's biography is that he was a big, good-hearted, strenuous, powerful man, with a decided dash of genius, enabled by his large fortune to indulge in eccentricities that would otherwise have ruined him. He could be a very true friend, and the most honourable chapter in his life is his long, close and tender friendship with Sir Edward Burne-Jones. On another page will be found an appreciation of Mr. Mackail's *Life* by one who knew Morris well.

About four years ago Messrs. Henry Holt and Company published a story called *Don Quixote of the Moors* in the dainty little buckram series made memorable by *The Prisoner of Zenda*. The author was a new writer and the tale was of a romantic flavour and strength to raise one's expectations to a high pitch. Since then Mr. John Buchan has engaged our attention at intervals when a new book of his has appeared, but not until now, with the publication of his latest book, *A Lost Lady of Old Years*, has he worthily met the expectations aroused by his first endeavour in fiction. Mr. John Lane, who captured the young Scot shortly after *Don Quixote of the Moors* was published, has stuck to Mr. Buchan while he has been trying to find himself, and in *A Lost Lady of Old Years* both publisher and author should reap the reward of patience. *John Burnet of Barns*, Mr. Buchan's first long story, published a year ago, was rather a disappointment, but the new novel rises as far in literary performance above *Don Quixote* as his first novel fell below it. Here are the spirit of daring and chivalry, the stir of life in action, the thrill of adventure, and the graphic narrative power that go to make the true romance. The characters are firmly drawn and the scenes vividly realised; there is the same fine feeling in his descriptions, but Mr. Buchan has learned that mere descriptive writing devoid of human interest and aside from the story itself is of no avail in fiction. The critic, jealous of Mr. Crockett's fame (for Mr. Buchan has invaded the same field of Scottish romance), who flouted

JOHN BUCHAN.

any comparison of the new romancer with the author of *The Raiders*, did so with justice, having only *John Burnet of Barns* to consider; but in the new work of fiction just to hand he will find it a more difficult matter. Mr. Crockett might have been proud to sign his name to *A Lost Lady of Old Years*—the Mr. Crockett of *The Raiders* and *The Men of*

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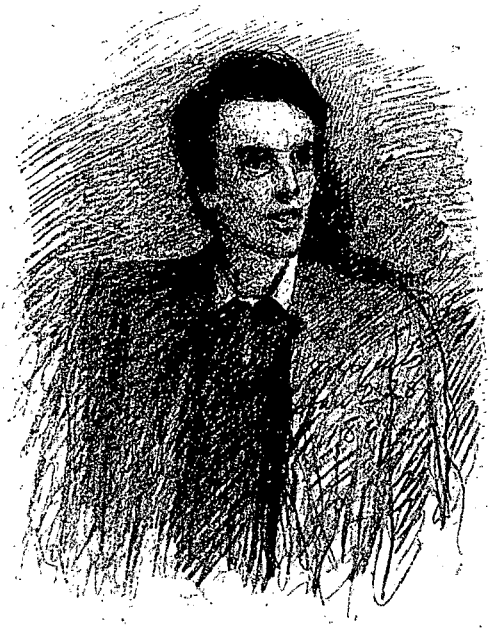
the Moss-Hags. If Mr. Buchan will bide his own time and hold himself proof against the importunities of publishers, he may go far.

Mr. W. B. Yeats's new volume of poems, *The Wind among the Reeds,* which is reviewed on another page, has reached a second edition. The portrait which we give of Mr. Yeats is from a sketch by the poet's father. It forms the frontispiece of a new edition of his collected poems just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in England. The success of Mr. Yeats's enterprise in Dublin in connection with the Irish Literary Theatre has stimulated



W. B. YEATS.
From a drawing by J. B. Yeats.

interest in his poetry. In the new edition of his poems there is evidence of considerable revision, for Mr. Yeats is a fastidious artist, restlessly striving after perfection. In his preface he tells us that the poems in the section called "The Rose" are expressions of his maturer vision, a vision of "the only pathway from which he may hope to see beauty and wisdom with his own eyes."

Mr. Grant Richards, the London publisher, issued a few weeks ago a volume of verse to which no name was attached. The poems have attracted an unusual amount of attention, which seems well deserved, and we now understand that the new poet is Lord Alfred Douglas. We have read only extracts from these poems, but we have seen enough to make us feel that poetry to the author of *The City of the Soul* is a serious and real joy, the relief of a quick and sensitive nature, and that the endeavour to write it well is both a passion and a comfort. There is a notable distinction about his work, and his manner, vision, interest and attraction are all his own. Like most poets, this poet loves to write of his art, and the last of the opening sonnets which we have seen quoted is said to be but one good example among many pieces devoted to the psychology of poetry and the poet:

Each new hour's passage is the acolyte
Of inarticulate song and syllable;
And every passing moment is a bell
To mourn the death of undiscerned delight.
Where is the sun that made the noonday bright,
And where the midnight moon? O let us tell,
In long carved line and painted parable,
How the white road curves down into the night.

Only to build one crystal barrier
Against this sea which beats upon our days;
To ransom one lost moment with a rhyme:
Or if fate cries and grudging gods demur,
To clutch Life's hair, and thrust one naked phrase
Like a lean knife between the ribs of Time.

Some American publisher should at once give us an edition of *The City of the Soul.*

Mr. W. E. Henley opened his "Ex Libris" in the July number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* with a satirical commentary on the *Daily Telegraph's* choice of the Hundred Best Novels. In the August number he has promised to discourse on the Gadshill Edition of the works of Charles Dickens, edited by Andrew Lang and imported into this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. We are glad to see Mr. Henley back in harness again and hope he may speed well and merrily with his entertaining "Ex Libris." The *Pall Mall* is to be congratulated on this distinguished accession to the list of its contributors.

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The extraordinary grip which Dickens has on the affections of the English-speaking races was well exemplified the other day at the Sotheby sale in London of Mr. William Wright's collections of editions and relics of Dickens. The heartiness and inhesitancy of the bidding was a splendid ratification of the homage which Dickens still commands. The day's sale produced over twenty thousand dollars. Forster's *Life of Dickens,* with extra-illustrations, alone sold for two thousand dollars. Mr. Wright, who owned the collection, brought himself into literary notoriety some years ago with a book on *The Brontës in Ireland,* and there have been reports from time to time of his writing a new life of Dickens which is to supersede, so it has been said, the great biography by Forster.

News reaches us that the house in Boulogne in which Dickens wrote *Little Dorrit* has been pulled down. Dickens thought that this house had the most delightful of all the gardens attached to any house that he had inhabited on the Continent. These grounds still remain, and little English and French children are playing in them to-day—the pupils of the nuns known as the Ladies of Nazareth. They have built their chapel on the site of the house in which the author who loved little children lived and wrote. In another little habitation in the same neighbourhood Dickens stayed one summer, and should you visit Boulogne you will have shown you the dressing room in which he finished *Bleak House.* The neighbours, by the way, thought Dickens every inch a Frenchman until he opened his mouth. You cannot pass through Boulogne without stumbling over a pile of Dickens's reminiscences. And Thackeray, that other great Englishman, is also associated, as readers of *The Yellow Plush Papers* will easily remember, with Boulogne, having been a guest at one time of the unaltered Hôtel des Bains.

We are happy to say that the reports that have been published about the illness of Maarten Maartens have been very much exaggerated. His recent visit to London was marred by an attack of blood poisoning, but in a few days he had recovered and was able to make some visits before returning to his home in Holland.

The Life and Letters of Dr. John Donne, by Edmund Gosse, will be ready for publication it is hoped in the autumn. Mr. Gosse is also at work on another book, which will probably appear at the same time, and he has undertaken to edit a series of French romances for Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

The anonymous author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and *The Solitary Summer* is said, on the best authority, to be a young woman bearing a well-known English name who has married into one of the smaller German royal houses. There is a pronounced difference of opinion among good critics as to the value of her work, but it is evident that it meets with public approval.

Mr. Le Gallienne, who once went in quest of the Golden Girl, is now bicycling through England on a Sentimental Journey. Mr. Le Gallienne's "Sentimental Journey" will be illustrated from photographs taken by a friend who accompanies him on his tour.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the author of *The Forest Lovers,* has a new book in the press which will be entitled *Little Novels of Italy.*

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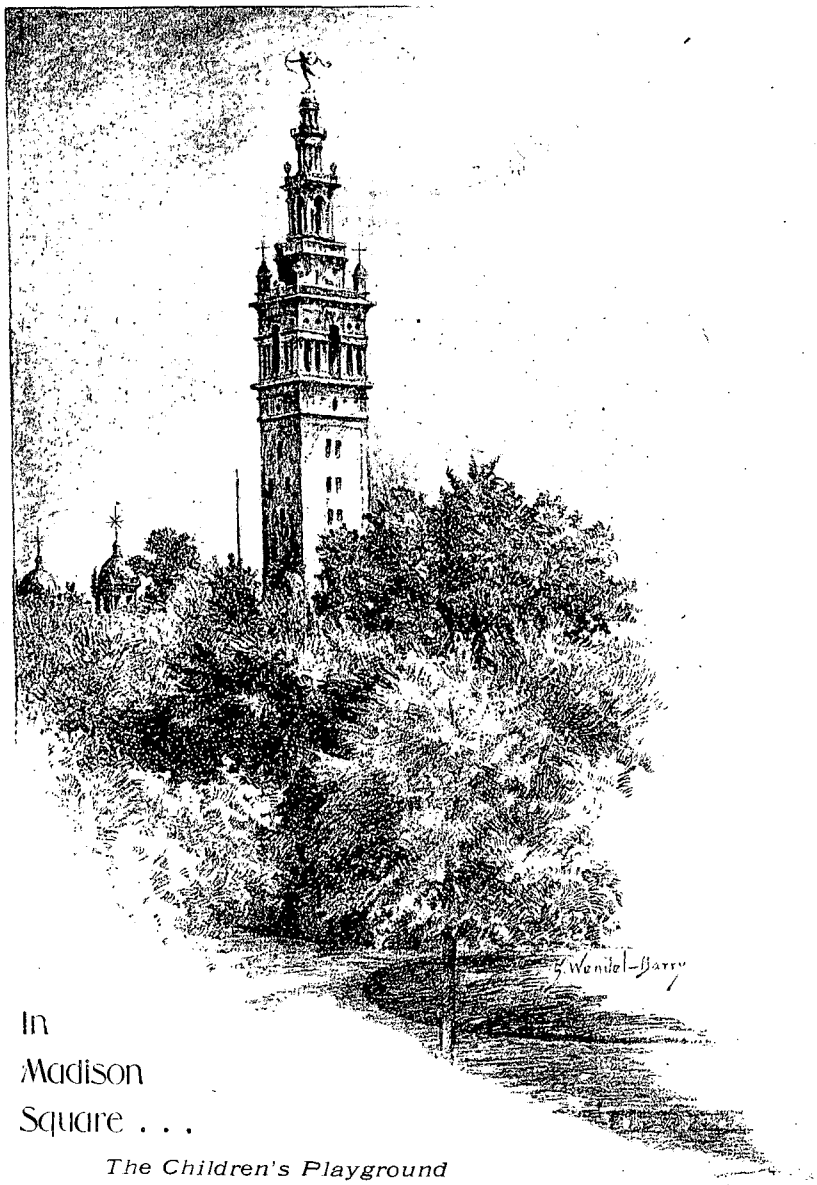

In Madison Square . . .

The Children's Playground

The fountain, all by its lonely self,
  Plays in the city square;
And the sleepy trees are kept awake
  By the street lamps' flickering glare.
Sometimes a madcap wind comes by,
  And the leaves are all a-stir,
The fountain tumbles in mist and spray,
  Trying to follow her.

Perhaps she told them, these city ghosts,
  That far away and away,
The waters rest on a lichen breast,
  Or lave green banks in their play;
That a choir of birds is perched above,
  And fishes, deep, deep a-down,

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Flash a silver fin where the light peeps in,
Down in the mosses brown.

And the leaves, ah! what did she say to them,
That they sighed the whole night through?
Yet their pale little shadows danced on the pave,
So they must have been happy, too.
They were dancing so when the moon climbed up
Over the spire tall,
But the scared little elves fled away with themselves—
They did not know her at all.

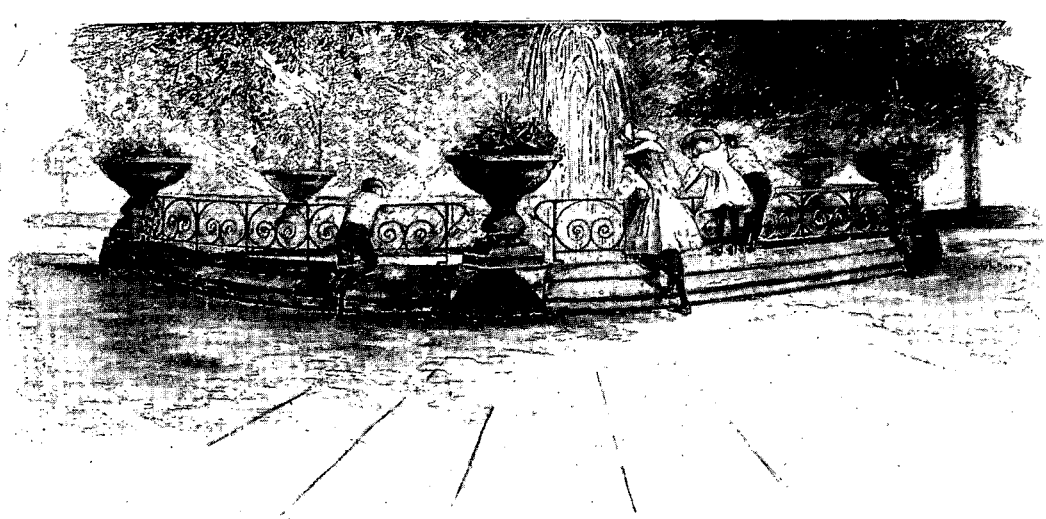
Perhaps Diana, a tip-toe there
On the tower that tilts the sky,
Knows where they went and just what she meant
By trying to climb so high;
Perhaps Diana knows of the wind—
Though she never seems to know—
For she turns each day and points the way
Wherever the breezes go.

* * * * * * * * *

They must have been talking among themselves,
For at morn when the children came,
The fountain sputtered and babbled and wept
Trying to whisper a name;
The trees bent down and murmured low
To the children so fresh and free,
The trees and the fountain that could not go,
Yet knew where they'd like to be.

They tried to tell of the wood's dim paths,
Of the stars o'er the sleeping land,
They echoed each note of the wild bird's call,
So the children might understand;
They tried so hard in the ways they knew—
So what could they do but weep?
But one child said: "They think they're in bed,
And they're talking in their sleep!"

Regina Armstrong.



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THE ESSAY AND SOME ESSAYISTS

I.

LUTARCH and Seneca were soon in the foreground," writes Walter Pater in his description of Montaigne's library; "they would still be at his elbow to test and be tested: masters of the autumnal wisdom that was coming to be his own, ripe and placid—from the autumn of old Rome, of life, of the world, the very genius of second thoughts, of exquisite tact and discretion, of judgment upon knowledge." It is impossible to recall the earliest of modern essayists and one of the masters of the essay as a literary form without becoming aware of a rich background of human experience and a distinct and tenacious personality. The books at the elbow of the keen Gascon observer and the frank Gascon critic represented an immense accumulation of the phenomena and results of the process of living. Generations had left in those volumes a deposit of knowledge born of contact with the facts of life. Art and beauty, knowledge and power, were in those books; but it is safe to say that Montaigne was drawn and held less by these qualities than by the deep human interest, the wide human experience, clarified, rationalised and conserved by men who, having become the classics of our time, must have been the free, vital, creative men of their own time; for in order to become immortal one must first live. The great classics, instead of being conceived in grammar and born in rhetoric, as our unhappy methods of approaching them sometimes make us feel, were the first-hand observers, the free-hand narrators, the close-at-hand artists of their own age. They were usually innovators; they were often law-breakers; there was always a certain audacity of soul in them; for a man must be real before he is great, and to be real one must see things as they are, and not as they are commonly represented to be. It is well to remember that Burns, Wordsworth and Kipling—men who deal freely with their material and are suspected or accused of literary heresy—become, or are likely to become, the classics of a succeeding age. Homer and Theocritus are enshrined in such eminent respectability that we are likely to forget that the first was a Bohemian and that the second consorted familiarly with shepherds and other vulgar persons.

Montaigne, with the Greek and Latin classics at hand, brings before the mind in concrete fashion the two prime factors in the essay: wealth of human experience and a personality keen, or powerful, or meditative. The epic poet may come before the historian, and is more likely to furnish the true record of spiritual growth; he needs only a tradition, a legend and a responsive imagination. He may come at so early a period in the history of a people as to be semi-mythical himself; it is still uncertain whether the Homeric poems were composed by Homer or, to recall an old Oxford joke, by another man of the same name. Some of us will hold by the integrity of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* as the creation of an artist, and not, in their present form, the composite work of innumerable forgotten poets; but it is of no consequence whether we are able to put this great maker in his place in his generation and call him by his name; the essential thing is that he had all things necessary for the final and noble doing of his work.

The dramatist may arrive, as did Æschylus and Euripides, Marlowe and Shakespeare, at the end or in the heart of great popular movements; when men are largely absorbed in action and are more concerned with the fruits of life than with its interior and ultimate significance, its more elusive aspects, its more obscure wisdom. For the theme of the drama is man in action; without action there is no character, and without character there is no dramatic development or climax. The dramatist may come, therefore, as he came in Greece, at the beginning of the full historic unfolding of race life. The lyric poet generally follows the epic poet, but whenever language has grown musical he may arrive; he is, of all makers of literature, the most independent, for he needs nothing, save the ability to look into his own heart and the skill to hold the common currency of

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speech, as it passes through his hands, long enough to put his private mark on it.

The novelist has come late, it is true; later than any other of the great makers of literature; but he is the lineal descendant of the story-teller, and the story-teller has had his tale and his audience these many centuries. He belongs to the youth of the race; he was followed and loved when men were children; he was curiously and unconsciously predicting science, foretelling modern invention and foreshadowing modern art when Bagdad was newly built, and Damascus was slowly blossoming into gardens and rising into walls beside her murmuring streams.

The epic poet, the dramatist, the lyric poet and the story-teller get their inspiration largely from the movement of the stream of life; they may appear whenever the vital impulse has become deep and strong, and the imagination has been energised; they do not need to wait upon experience, which is the record of accomplished life.

The essayist, on the other hand, appears late in the field, because his function is not to give order and splendour to a race movement, to exhibit the individual in collision with the laws of life or the institutions of society, to put into musical speech the emotions or longings of his own heart, to make stirring or beguiling romances and tales out of the possibilities of human intercourse and fortune; but to meditate upon what men have accomplished, endured, suffered and become in order to frame an informal philosophy, to announce a body of precepts, to bring out curious or significant traits of character, to set in humorous light the incongruities, the surprises and the paradoxes of human destiny. The sculptor cannot work without marble, and it has been noted that the creative centres of this noble art have never been far from quarries. The essayist cannot distil the wisdom of life until he has a considerable accumulation of the material of experience to work upon. He presupposes a certain fulness of development, a certain ripeness of civilisation, a certain growth of culture. He need not be less original than his fellow-craftsmen, but the form he uses appears later in literary development. The essayist has no place in primitive society; no voice in early literature; he is the product of a riper age; he comes after the poet, the dramatist, the story-teller and the historian, not because he is an imitator, but because he needs their work as part of the material with which he deals.

If the essayist has a forerunner it is the maker of the proverb; the man who puts wisdom into portable shape by packing the final results of experience into a phrase. But the proverb-maker is, as a rule, the master of a very limited field of observation; he runs with his eyes on the ground, concerned to discover the secrets of purely material success. His wisdom is often pre-eminently useful, but it is rarely profound, searching or illuminating. The proverbs with which *Don Quixote* is so thickly sown set off the idealism of one of the great gentlemen in literature quite as effectively as the burly figure and coarse sense of Sancho Panza. It is noticeable that when the sayings of Poor Richard take a moral turn it is for practical ends. The essayist, on the other hand, delights in keen and clear perceptions of the ways of men and the relation of success or failure to character; but his wisdom is only incidentally prudential; he is not intent upon protecting men from their vices, their follies and their mistakes by furnishing them with a portable wisdom in the form of maxims illustrative of the value of honesty, temperance, industry and thrift; he is intent upon seeing character for the interest of seeing it, upon discovering the interior relations of things because that discovery explains their outward forms, upon divining the humours of life and the secrets of fate, because both satisfy the craving for refreshment or for truth.

The essay, as compared with the epic-poem, the novel or the history, is brief. Expanded beyond certain limits, it inevitably becomes another form of literature. It is not always easy to mark its limits; but they are readily seen in their concrete illustration. Macaulay's essays may deal as definitely with historical events and persons as his history; but the perspective of events is foreshortened, the narrative is condensed, the principle of selection of events is more rigidly applied, and interest is fastened not upon the main current, but upon some side current or eddy, upon some significant incident or figure. The essay is short, not because

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the material is limited or the power of the essayist unequal to fuller or more complete discussion, but because the function of the essay is to bring into clear light a single truth, or a group of closely related truths, a single character or a set of kindred characters, a single aspect or phase of a great movement. The essayist often has a complete view of life behind all his brief and condensed reports or comments. Emerson's essays might have been woven together into a philosophical exposition; Carlyle's essays constitute a fairly complete body of spiritual doctrine and might have been converted into history or theology; but in such a transformation the distinctively literary element would have been greatly reduced, if not altogether lost.

This fact may bring us to the chief characteristic of the essay; it is not only a comment, a view of things, it is also a piece of literature. The essayist is an artist; one who, possibly by instinct at the start, certainly by intelligence later, selects, arranges and so disposes his materials as to give them the highest effectiveness, the greatest charm or the most searching power. The true essay is as distinctly a work of art as the epic or dramatic poem, the novel or the lyric. And that which gives it the quality of art is, of course, form; but form always as an expression of personality. The historian and the philosophical writer obliterate themselves; the essayist emphasises himself. He may deal with the facts of history or the principles of philosophy, as Macaulay on the one hand and Carlyle and Emerson on the other were continually doing; but he is not content to set facts or principles in logical order; he must give them vitality, organic relation, suggestiveness, beauty. He is not a recorder; he is an artist, and it is the necessity of his nature that facts or principles shall be interpreted from his point of view, arranged in harmony with the law of his mind, set forth with all the subtle harmonies or the compelling force of that free and characteristic expression of himself which we call style.

The essay is essentially a study of a subject or person. It does not attempt a complete treatment, a portraiture which brings to the eye every detail of feature; it seeks rather to catch and report an expression which is significant of temperament, an attitude which discloses character. It is not concerned to tell the whole story, but only such part of it as seems most dramatic, suggestive or humorous. The earlier portrait painters conscientiously brought in every minute detail of feature and every accessory of dress; they not only completed their work, but they idealised it. They seemed to think that the unadorned truth was not only disloyal to art, but not quite respectful to their subjects. Hence, the extraordinary beauty of the men and women of the old *régime* in France, of the time of Charles II., of the last century, as we find them on the walls of the galleries. The founders of our own state, our earlier men of letters, our older social leaders, shared in the same good fortune. Wherever nature failed them, art came to their rescue. The contemporary painter has gone to the other extreme; he is intent upon getting at the character and making it tell its story on his canvas, indifferent to the quality or interest or charm of that story. He is concerned to represent the basal elements in the face; to get the foundation before the eye. When he has seized the character, he is indifferent to detail; he is sketchy where his predecessor was exact and elaborate. Hence, the marvellous veracity of many modern portraits and their extraordinary ugliness. When the artist has the gift of representing a man not as he looks but as he is, unpleasant revelations are inevitable. Of Watts's portrait Carlyle writes: "Decidedly the most insufferable picture that has yet been made of me, a delirious-looking mountebank, full of violence, awkwardness, atrocity and stupidity, without recognisable likeness to anything I have ever known in any feature of me." There is something of Carlyle in it nevertheless. In like manner the essayist is concerned not to present a subject or a person with complete delineation, but in an attitude or expression which is significant and characteristic.

In Mr. Pater's sketch of Montaigne, the background of literature—that rich deposit and accumulation of past life—is brought into clear view; but the chief emphasis falls, where it belongs, on the essayist himself. Even in his most impersonal moods the essayist, like the poet and the novelist, is the chief factor in his work. Plutarch, Cicero and Bacon dis-

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cuss the gravest problems of experience in a philosophic temper; but the attitude of each writer toward these problems is intensely individual. This individuality is revealed in the selection of subjects, the massing of facts, the choice of illustration and example, the ethical application, the manner and style. It is with morals as Plutarch understands them, with friendship and old age as Cicero regards them, with honours, station, empire as Bacon values them, that we are concerned when we open the pages of these essayists of the most serious temper. Absorbed as he appears to be in the gravity of his themes, and intent upon bringing out their significance in an impersonal way, Bacon's temperament becomes as distinct in our consciousness before we have done with the essays as Charles Lamb's or De Quincey's. For in the essay, as in any work of art, the quality, the charm, that which lives, come from the personality of the artist. This is the chief factor; the materials with which he deals are open to all men; they are common property; it is the method of selection, combination and expression which counts. If we want the bare fact, we go to history or, with discrimination, to the newspaper; if we want the logical statement of principles, we go to philosophy; if we want the truth below the fact as a man of genius divines it, the truth touched with beauty as it lies in the vision of the artist, or irradiated with humour and projected against a background of other and diverse truth, as the humourist sees it, we turn to literature. In the essay we get a glimpse of character, a turn of humour, a significant aspect of affairs, interpenetrated by a rich personality.

It may be well, too, to recall one of the primary meanings of the word, and to remind ourselves that an essay is an attempt, a trial, a test. It involves a certain risk, because the essayist cannot count for success on the trustworthiness and importance of his facts; in order to succeed, he must make the telling combination in the characteristic style. The accurate historian may fail to attain the quality of literature and yet become an authority; but if the essayist falls short of charm or grace or power, he falls like Lucifer. Every essay is, therefore, a trial or test of strength or ease, and the essayist must find his charm and his power within himself.

"The autumnal wisdom," the "judgment upon knowledge," of which Mr. Pater speaks, begin to be distilled and formed whenever meditative minds find a mass of experience behind them. This experience may not have taken on the form and order of written history; it may be traditional, it may be indicated by proverbs passing from generation to generation along the obscure paths by which homely wisdom travels from race to race. In some form it must exist; and it never comes into being until a fairly advanced stage of development has been reached. Men do not attempt to rationalise experience until they have come to some degree of spiritual self-consciousness. The Hebrew mind was not primarily an artistic mind, although creative on the very highest plane and along the sublimest lines. It was concerned primarily with truth rather than with the expression of truth. The historian, the poet, the rhapsodist, the psalmist, the prophet, appear in rapid succession in Hebrew literature; but the essayist hardly finds his place there. Indeed, until Professor Moulton restored experimentally its literary form to the Bible the essay was probably found in its pages by very few of its most devout readers. The essayist is there, however, and his work has very great interest, because it marks the transition from proverb-making to essay-writing; from the impersonal condensation of experience to its expansion through the introduction of the element of temperament and the literary sense. In this process the form of the proverb is not only enlarged, but its content of wisdom is immensely broadened; it is no longer a mere aphorism of prudence, it is a comment full of spiritual discernment; taking into account the fortunes of a man's spirit as well as of his body. What could be finer in insight or more compact in wisdom and form than these familiar and yet unfamiliar words:

> Wisdom exalteth her sons, and taketh hold of them that seek her. He that loveth her loveth life; and they that seek her early shall be filled with gladness. He that holdeth her fast shall inherit glory; and where he entereth, the Lord will bless. They that do her service shall minister to the Holy One; and them that love her the Lord doth love. He that giveth

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ear unto her shall judge the nations; and he that giveth heed unto her shall dwell securely. If he trust her, he shall inherit her; and his generations shall have her in possession. For at the first she will walk with him in crooked ways, and will bring fear and dread upon him, and torment him with her discipline, until she may trust his soul, and try him by her judgments; then will she return again the straight way unto him, and will gladden him, and reveal to him her secrets. If he go astray, she will forsake him, and give him over to his fall.

This is not a paragraph torn from a philosophical discussion; it is a piece of true literature. It has the ripe touch of true "autumnal wisdom"; that wisdom which is the most precious deposit of the large experience and wide observation; that "judgment upon knowledge" which cannot be formed or pronounced until a great field has been traversed and explored. It is very brief, and yet within narrow limits it brings a man face to face with one of the deepest truths of living; it is condensed, and it deals with principles, and yet it is as concrete in its way as the Psalms of David or the Book of Job. Wisdom is presented not as an abstraction but as a person; she does not send invisible influences to a man at long intervals; she walks beside him, guiding or forsaking him at his will, in real flesh-and-blood companionship. Here is not only truth but a personality; and here, consequently, is an essay, and one of the earliest and most significant.

In literature of such duration and scope as the Greek and Latin, registering all the stages of racial development from the earliest hymns to the gods to those terrible satires which mark not only the decline of the human but the passing of the divine, the essay is found in clear and characteristic, although not in fully, developed form. In the masters of the classic essay—Plutarch, Seneca, Cicero—the element of personality is distinct and organic, but it is subordinate to the material. Emphasis rests on the truth rather than the presentation of the truth; so far as he can the writer conceals himself behind his art; for the classical method was as consistently objective as the nature of the artist, always craving expression, permitted. There is very little exaggeration of statement or eccentricity of opinion; there is a balance, moderation and poise which betray the influence of a general agreement concerning the function of the writer. The force of organised traditional opinion, which has disclosed in French literature its value and its weakness, is steadily brought to bear to keep the genius of the individual well within the bounds of recognised order. There is no license of individuality among the classical essayists; they are weighty, serious, dignified. They are not hampered, because they have no desire to be other than they are or to do other than they do; but we feel as if we were getting the most out of their subjects, but not out of them. We are in closer touch with Plutarch in the *Lives* than in the *Morals;* we are nearer Cicero in the orations than in the meditations on friendship or old age.

The background of experience or truth is more prominent than the personality of the essayist in the older essay; it was the special function of the essay in its modern form to shift the emphasis to the writer and to give personality its freest play. Modern literature, in the sense of complete and perfectly authenticated work, may almost be said to begin with Montaigne, whose name is more completely identified with the essay than any other in literary history, and whose mind was perhaps as typical and representative as any that has ever chosen this form of expression. Bacon was a philosopher, a lawyer and a statesman; Carlyle was an historian; Charles Lamb was a critic; but Montaigne was never other than an essayist. The form fitted his temperament completely; he loved a wide and rich discursiveness; he touched at all ports and he never overstayed his first fresh impressions. He charged Aristotle with having an oar in every water and meddling with all things; but, compared with Montaigne, the philosopher was a dweller at the fireside. Montaigne's interest and curiosity carried him everywhere. That keen, sceptical temper of his made him one of the closest of observers, but did not permit him to linger long at any place. He was a born traveller, and the traveller does not live with people or subjects, or surrender himself to the work of mastering a single field; he enjoys, studies, records and passes on. He uses the philosophers and is often on their ground, but he is not one of them. He

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sees for a certain distance eye to eye with the moralist; but he also sees many things which escape them. He had no final system of things; he was persuaded that the finalities were beyond the reach of the mind in its present stage; he thought many questions insoluble, and he was not made unhappy by the discovery. He did not reject the Absolute, but he regarded it as beyond his comprehension and gave himself up with eager delight to the study of the Relative; he was, accordingly, not deep and prophetic; he was inquisitive, fertile, rich in immedate resources, ripe in "judgment upon knowledge." He went through life, not with a profound sense of obligation and responsibility, but with consuming and contagious interest. He covers an immense surface. To a mind of this quality the essay was exactly adapted, and Montaigne remains its typical master.

It is easy to recall him, because he painted his own portrait almost as often as did Rembrandt. Low in stature, strongly built, slow of speech, though full of thought; retiring from the practice of law at Bordeaux at the age of thirty-eight, and settling himself on his estate in Perigord, in order that he might live his own life and nourish his own thoughts; a practical farmer; an uncompromising truth-teller and fair-dealer in all things; letting his doors stand wide when other houses were closed and garrisoned like forts; sowing deep the seeds of confidence and respect in his own neighbourhood; a man of pleasure and a more than easy liver turned student; alone much of the time in his tower; his books about him, his eye ceaselessly searching history and his own time; at home in the world and frankly of it; looking with a lenient eye on all phases of human life, but holding steadily to absolute integrity; plain of speech to the verge of grossness and sometimes over the line, and yet so frank and honest withal that he disarms our criticism when we recall the men for whom and the time in which he wrote. Immensely interested in himself, his thoughts, occupations, journeys, books, diseases; and yet writing over his own name the significant words *"Que scais je?"* When a man honestly asks himself, "What do I know?" he may be a good deal of an egotist without losing his poise. Montaigne was not a great man as Dante and Shakespeare were great; but he was great in breadth and variety of interest, in the wisdom of clear sight, in continuous fertility.

In the characteristic study "Of Lyers" Montaigne humorously confesses his defects of memory and solaces himself with an enumeration of compensations. "Above all," he writes, "old men are dangerous, who have only the memorie of things past left them, and have lost the remembrance of their repetitions." He escaped this peril; for while he is one of the most talkative men in literature, he is never garrulous. He struck the note of the essay when he put himself on easy terms with the reader, laid aside the formalities of the grand style and spoke directly, simply and straight to the heart of his subject. The epic or dramatic poet cannot put off his singing robes and ought not to make the attempt; the lyric poet must keep his distance or lose something of his charm; the historian and the novelist talk to us, but not with us; the essayist alone puts us in an equality with himself and gains by the familiarity. He is the most friendly and companionable of all the great writers; there is nobody quite like him for a dark day and an open fire. There are certain ceremonies to be observed with Dante and Milton; it is like going to Court to open *The Divine Comedy* or *Paradise Lost;* and one must choose his hour for *Lear* or *Faust;* but when was Charles Lamb out of place, or Addison *de trop,* or Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp* out of key? The essayist is on easy terms with us from the start, because his interests and ours are identical; he cares for the very things we are always looking for—the significant, characteristic, unusual, humorous things. He is concerned primarily with the immediate human interest in things. He is not blind to ultimate ends nor indifferent to interior relations; he is always a philosopher at heart; but his attention is fastened on the illustration of every kind of human quality. He makes us see the man first; and then, later, he may turn the man inside out if he chooses.

If Montaigne's memory was weak, he re-enforced it with the memory of the race; no man draws his incidents from a wider field. He set the fashion, followed to Miss Repplier's time, of getting

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the strength out of quotations by setting them in a new order and furnishing them with a fuller context. The sturdy Gascon, who professed not to love reading and declared that an hour's unbroken companionship with a book was enough, was on the most intimate terms with Plutarch and the classics; but they were terms of equality, and he gave as much as he took. It is a great piece of good fortune to be intelligently quoted; it is the highest kind of recognition, and it gives one the advantage of having light flashed upon his thought from a different quarter.

Montaigne had the older world behind him, and the newer world about him he studied with a keen eye; he was rich, therefore, in "autumnal wisdom." Emerson makes him describe himself as grey and autumnal. But that which gives the essays their flavour and quality is not the richness of their background, but the vigorous, free, frank personality of the essayist—the first of the great egotists in literature. The classical attitude is reversed—the first modern essayist is as much concerned with himself as was Rousseau or Byron. "I confess myself in public," he wrote. "I have no other end in writing but to discover myself. If the world find fault that I speak too much of myself, I find fault that they do not so much as think of themselves." There was no plan in the work; he wrote only when the humour was on him and concerning things which interested him. He did not, apparently, take his readers into account; he felt no responsibility toward them. He proposed nothing more ambitious than a record of his thoughts, impressions, habits, tastes, judgments and feelings. He had much to say about the world, but only at the points at which it touched him. His success lies in the fact that his personality was so interesting, and that his confession has such frankness, vigour, reality. The older essayists had described the world as detached from themselves; he described it as it made room for him, reflected him, gave him food for thought. There is nothing so interesting to man as a man, and men are rarely seen in clear light. This man turned the searchlight of his penetrating mind full upon himself. He took the world into his confidence, and the world has not betrayed him.

Bacon, on the other hand, treated the world with grave courtesy, but did not put himself on terms of intimacy with it. Neither his matter nor his manner invites familiarity. When Lord Burleigh put off his official robes he said, "Lie there, Lord Chancellor"; glad, apparently, of an easy return to his natural station. Bacon never lays aside the grand manner; he always wears his robes. No element in his life is more tragic than the contrast between the habitual dignity of his bearing and the occasional littleness of his action. That there were strains of greatness in him is beyond question; such strains as are constantly heard in his essays do not issue from hollow natures. If Montaigne loved to gossip about matters of all degrees of importance, Bacon loved to invest every subject he touched with the gravity of far-reaching relationships, or with a dignity of approach which was like a royal progress. Montaigne's autumnal wisdom was distilled from knowledge of the most trifling as well as of the most momentous things; Bacon's judgment upon knowledge was accumulated apparently by habitual contact with the most far-reaching themes. Both essayists possess in a pre-eminent degree that final and higher product of knowledge which we call wisdom; but Bacon's principle of selection was far more rigid than Montaigne's. The Gascon entertained himself with "all sorts and conditions of men"; the Englishman associated only with the great. He is, therefore, narrower in range than his great predecessor and his human interest is less. No one comes in contact with Bacon without receiving a deep impression of his power; but it is safe to say that his readers do not love him. They are somewhat in awe of him. Montaigne has a rich background, but he keeps himself easily in the fore; he is the central figure and dominates the subject. Bacon, on the other hand, withdraws himself and puts us in direct contact with his themes and his thought. In Montaigne personality is the chief element of charm and interest; in Bacon the compelling power resides in a noble treatment of great matters. Bacon's personal contribution to his work is the quality of his mind; the affinities of his thought, revealed in his selection of themes and the greatness of his manner. There is little egotism; there

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is rather the disposition to leave the stage clear for the actors. The bare list of Bacon's topics has an educational quality: "Of Death," "Of Great Place," "Of Empire," "Of Ambition," "Of Honour and Reputation," "Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates."

Not only is the manner on a level with the themes, but Bacon's attitude toward his art has the same elevation. The second half of his title is significant of his purpose—"Essays or Counsels Civill and Morall." He was not intent, as was Montaigne, to touch the things that interested him, and to draw, with a thousand apparently careless strokes, his own portrait; he set himself to transform the wisdom of knowledge into the wisdom of life by continually applying this wisdom to great affairs of conduct and public action. "The greatest trust, between man and man," he writes, "is the Trust of Giving Counsell. For in other Confidences, Men commit the parts of life; Their Lands, their Goods, their Children, their Credit, some particular Affaire; But to such, as they make their Counsellours, they commit the whole: By how much the more, they are obliged to all Faith and integrity. The wisest Princes, need not think it any diminution to their Greatnesse, or derogation to their Sufficiency, to rely upon Counsell. God himselfe is not without; But hath made it one of the great Names, of his blessed Sonne; *The Counsellour.*"

And however lacking in faith he may have been in other matters, in his dealings with his readers Bacon never violates his trust. In no other kindred body of writing is there more weight of thought, more concentration of intellectual power or loftier dignity of manner. In a certain noble eloquence the essays have never been surpassed; if they have not the long organ roll of Milton's and Hooker's prose, they have the same massive quality touched and vivified by imagination.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

(To be concluded.)

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Dick Steele, who so did love his wife and friend,
Who gave to Addison of praise no end,
And wrote his Prue such tender letters daily
I like and love. What though he took life gaily
And sometimes did strict laws of right offend?
His sins are free from guile. His deeds portend
No serpent's craft: he crawls not, is not scaly.
No faults of his could land him in Old Bailey.

High spirits and warm heart; a wit as sweet
As it was shining; courage high as any;
And civic virtue, giving to his seat
In Parliament a fortress for the many—
Say, are not these a character complete,
And need we care for wasted pound or penny?

Charles Woodward Hutson.

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LITERATURE AND MUSIC

IT is an unfortunate result of the intense specialisation of our time, that a certain type of specialist is always so narrowed by his devotion to a single sphere of study as not only to take no interest in other lines of effort, but to ignore and sometimes to despise them altogether. This is a pity for many reasons; but chiefly because it so greatly impairs the effectiveness of the specialist's own work. For a lawyer to know nothing of history, for a theologian to be ignorant of modern philosophical speculation, and for an historian to leave out of his equipment an adequate understanding of psychology, is to reject something that would in each case double the efficiency of his own special knowledge when this is directed to any practical and definite end. A specialist who will not gladly avail himself of every help and every adornment obtainable from every possible source, is like an artisan who will use no tools save those which he has himself provided at the beginning of his apprenticeship. The highest type of specialist is too enlightened to be narrow. He puts himself in touch with every one whose work can in any way illustrate and illumine his, and he recognises that whatever will make the results of his own research most easily intelligible, most widely useful, and most truly stimulating and inspiring, is a thing to be welcomed joyfully as an adjunct to his immediate purpose.

Scarcely any single field is so surely valuable to the expositor of other learning as is the field of literary study, whether this study takes the form of reading for the enrichment of the mind or merely for the sake of acquiring clarity and force of style; yet literary study as such is too often looked at as a mere fooling away of time. When the craze for being German struck the world of American and English scholarship some twenty-five or thirty years ago, the notion got abroad that no one who wrote well could by any possibility be other than a superficial person. If he was not dull and prosy and dislocated in his way of putting things, then he was "popular," and that was the most dreadful condemnation possible. Conversely, it came to be held that if a writer *was* dull and prosy and dislocated, then by that very fact he was proved to be profound. This way of classifying scholarship on a stylistic basis was all very well at first, but presently when the superficial persons discovered the rules of the game, they quickly learned the trick of being prosy, too, and some of them at last succeeded in writing rather more boresomely than even the profoundest scholars—and then there came a natural reaction, so that now both Americans and Englishmen are beginning to see that clearness of thought and clearness of expression are naturally and inevitably allied, and that if a scholar is not really muddle-headed there is no particular intellectual consecration to be got from writing as though he were.

Just now, indeed, both Americans and Englishmen have learned that the thoroughness of the Germans and the lucidity of the French make a very admirable combination. It is too bad that this was not earlier discovered, especially by some eminent historians and writers upon philosophic subjects. Some of the ablest treatises in our language would not then have been as they now are, morasses of ambiguity and quagmires of contorted speech, nor would they need to be translated into intelligible English before their authors can ever hope to be known outside the innermost sanctuaries of learning—before the immense erudition of Stubbs, for example, can receive some of the applause that is given to the picturesque inaccuracy of Froude.

It is less for style, however, than for substance that workers in other fields might do well to give some special thought to literary study. Whoever writes a book presumably decides to do so for the purpose of making his discoveries, or his opinions, or his criticisms known to others. Presumably also he would like these others to be as numerous as possible. Naturally, then, the medium through which he seeks to gain a hearing should be the most effective one, and his exposition should be as attractive and as

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intelligible as is consistent with the dignity and also the scientific thoroughness of what he has to say. This being so, the value of a more than superficial literary knowledge is readily apparent; for every intelligent person is a reader, and literature thus affords a common ground on which many minds can meet and understand each other. Allusion, illustration, quotation—all these are intensely illuminating, and the mind that is enriched by reading can brighten the dullest or the most abstract of subjects by a deftly tactful use of literary material in its exposition; just as Gladstone when Chancellor of the Exchequer made his analysis of the annual budget as interesting as any novel.

If this be true of almost any theme, with much more vividness is the truth apparent in those subjects with which literature possesses a natural affinity. An admirable example of what we mean is now before us in a volume which is primarily a collection of studies in musical criticism, but which even a person wholly ignorant of music can read with pleasure and instruction because of the unusual quality of its literary style and because its author's meanings are almost everywhere made clear through his felicitous and abundant use of literary parallels.* Musical criticism, indeed, quite easily admits of being rendered into terms of literature; for music and literature are almost one in their motives, their themes, and in the nature of the appeal they make to man's complex intellectual and emotional being, just as historically they are one in their origins. For it is not merely on the sensuous side that music speaks to those who listen to it, but on the side of reason too; so that to-day, as Mr. Huneker points out, while its object is neither to preach nor to philosophise, it has passed beyond the decorative stage, and has striven to attain whatever the written and the spoken word have wrought.

> Beethoven filled it with his overshadowing passion, and shall we say ethical philosophy? Schumann and the romanticists gave it colour, glow and bizarre passion; Wagner moulded its forms into rare dramatic shapes; and Brahms has endeavoured to fill the old classic bottles with the new wine of the romantics.

*Mezzotints in Modern Music. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

And finally came Richard Strauss, the musical exponent of Nietzsche, with his attempt to depict pure thought, pure philosophical ideas, in tone. For almost every phase, then, of literature there is a corresponding phase in music, and it is therefore the most obvious thing in the world that the critic of music should explain himself in the language of the critic of literature. What we marvel at, however, is the real brilliancy and power and the subtle suggestiveness with which Mr. Huneker has carried out his purpose—the ease and energy, the force and the audacity of much that he has written. Even to discuss the musical opinions of so accomplished and authoritative a critic would be presumption in the present writer, nor would any such discussion be appropriate in these columns; but this book of Mr. Huneker's is so striking from a purely literary point of view as to justify an even more extended notice than we can give it here.

Our admiration is due first of all to the wealth of literary allusion which the book contains, and still more to the manner of its introduction. For it is not the self-conscious allusiveness of one who has "read up," or merely of one who has read a great deal and is carefully utilising his literary material. It is rather the omnipresent, suggestive aptness of one who writes out of a full mind, whose reading, wide though it be, is incidental, yet perfectly assimilated, so that it is an essential part of the author's intellectual equipment. No single quotation, nor string of quotations, can fitly illustrate the felicity and at the same time the utter freedom from pedantry seen in Mr. Huneker's employment of his literary knowledge. Almost every page of the book bears witness to these qualities.

Equally interesting and sometimes very striking are his literary parallels, of which the best of all, as it is the most fully elaborated, is found in his chapter entitled "The Greater Chopin." In this essay, perhaps the one that by the general reader would be selected as the most delightful in the volume, Mr. Huneker makes a sustained comparison of Chopin with Edgar Allan Poe,—a comparison that suggests some curious coincidences in the external as well as in the subjective history of each, in that their birth years and death years were the same, and

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the circumstances of their artistic development were not dissimilar. Both of them were "morbid, neurotic natures" who "lived their lives with the intensity that Walter Pater declares is the only true life." Both "burned ever with the flame of genius, and that flame devoured their brains as surely as paresis." In the earlier work of each—in Poe's Lines to Helen and in Chopin's opus 2—Mr. Huneker perceives the evidence of genius for which no training can account; just as he sees in their later work—in Poe's "Ulalume" and in Chopin's polonaise fantaisie opus 61 "with its hectic flush"—a premonition of death, a morbid insistence of the theme, a repetition of haunting harrowing harmonies.

This and other parallels are drawn for us with a masterly hand. Mr. Huneker's style is intensely individual. It is nervous, fiery and forceful to a degree. He is full of striking phraseology, of colour, of unexpected combinations. At times some word or phrase will jar a little as verging upon mannerism, or as perhaps a trifle strained—"acuity," for example (p. 293), and "shuddersome" (p. 150)—but these are rare. The general impression is one of immense vigour, of absolute spontaneity, and also of perfect poise and mastery. We select a passage or two for quotation as illustrative of more that we should like to quote but cannot. The first is with reference to George Sand:

> Androgynous creature that she was, she filled her masculine maw with the most delicate *bonnes bouches* that chance vouchsafed to her. Can't you see her with the gaze of a sibyl, crunching such a genius as Chopin, he exhaling his melodious sigh as he expired? But this attrition of souls filled the world with art, for after all what was George Sand but a skilful literary midwife, who delivered men of genius and often devoured their souls after forcing from them in intolerable agony the most exquisite music? They sowed in sorrow, in sorrow they reaped.

And this, as to the Paganini Variations of Brahms, is very striking and very characteristic of Mr. Huneker's style:

> Brahms and Paganini! Was ever so strange a couple in harness? Caliban and Ariel, Jove and Puck. The stolid German, the vibratile Italian! . . . Brahms has taken the little motive—a true fiddle motive—of Paganini and tossed it ball-wise in the air, and while its spiral spins are basking in the blue, he cogitates, and his thought is marvellously fine-spun. Webs of gold and diamond spiders and the great round sun splashing about, and then deep divings into the bowels of the firmament and growlings and subterranean rumblings, and all the while the poor maigre Paganini, a mere palimpsest for the terrible old man of Hamburg, from whose pipe wreathed musical smoky metaphysics and whose eyes are fixed on the Kanteàn categories.

And these sentences from the description of Richard Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra:*

> In the sections Joys and Passions, the violins and 'celli sweep in mountainous curves of passion . . . and then the ground began to slip under my feet. I grasped at the misty shadows of the grave song, and the tortuous and wriggling five-voiced fugue in Science seemed like some loathsome, foolish worm. The dance-chapter is shrilly bacchanalian. It may be the Over-Man dancing, but no human ever trod on such scarlet tones.—And the waltz melody! why, it is as common as mud, and intentionally so, but it is treated with Promethean touches. When I reached the part called the Song of the Night Wanderer, I renounced Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms,—not with joy, but with doubt, despair, and defiance. Never shall I forget that screaming trumpet as it cut jaggedly across the baleful gloom!

We wish that we could quote some of the best passages in Mr. Huneker's chapter on Tschaïkowsky, and from the last few pages of the book, descriptive of *Tristan und Isolde.* It is all very remarkable writing, even to the layman; while the professional musician must often feel a tugging at his heart as he reads. We have said nothing of the technical part of these criticisms, for that must be left to the author's confrères; yet we trust that no one will suppose this book to be purely and simply a bit of literary work. It is very far from that—the book of one who is first of all a musician and a trained critic. But naturally it is its literary phases that have most interested us—its richness of allusion, its vividness of presentation, its swiftness and certainty of touch. We cannot say why, but, as a whole, on reading it we are reminded of the critical manner of Mr. George Moore in his *Impressions and*

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Opinions; yet Mr. Huneker's work has far more vitality, more joyousness, more blood; and therefore we must in justice restrict our comparison to the general point of view and regard this last as representing in both writers a certain undefined indebtedness to France.

Harry Thurston Peck.

JOSÉ MARIA DE HEREDIA THE ELDER

IT is not the José Maria de Heredia of to-day whose portrait is here presented. The Parisian author of *Les Trophées,* who worked for forty years producing and polishing the sonnets which were crowned at once by the French Academy when they appeared, came honestly by his tradition of the excellent necessity of beautiful form for beautiful work. The Parisian of Cuban birth is the son of José Maria de Heredia, of whom an eminent Spanish critic wrote a few years ago: "No American poet is better known, and none for three-score years has better deserved his international fame."

Now, that this "American poet" is a little nearer us politically, although the approach is posthumous, there is no doubt that continental Americans will come by degrees into a livelier appreciation of his life and work than has been as yet the portion of this island-born genius of the Antilles. Has the house where he was born been marked by a tablet yet? If not, some antiquarian Yankee or society should not delay placing one. This poet was a patriot who suffered for Cuba Libre when Abraham Lincoln was still a child. He was an exile from Cuba for liberty's sake in 1823, and took refuge in the United States, spending two years under the Stars and Stripes, and making prophecy of their future supremacy "from the equator to the pole," after his beloved Cuba should have been freed from the tyrannies of Spanish rule.

José Maria de Heredia was born in Santiago de Cuba December 31, 1803, and died at Toluca, Mexico, May 12, 1839. In his short life of less than six and thirty years he passed through many experiences, knew sorrow and success, struggle and joy, privation and prosperity as well in the facts of his career as in those emotional and psychic phases of life which make up so much of the spiritual history of every true poet. He was the son of a respected magistrate of Santiago, Don José Francisco de Heredia. His mother, the Donna Mercedes, was born a Campuzano, and was a distant cousin of her husband; both were descendants of a famous Spanish hero, and both were natives of the Spanish part of Santo Domingo, quitting that island for Cuba when the French held possession.

The natural love of independence was strong in the poet from boyhood, and his education tended to foster his love of liberal ideas and democratic institutions. His father was a man of fine classical education, and began the training of his little boy in the Latin poets at a very early age. When he was only seven years of age, during a professional absence of his father in Caracas, the child was taken by his mother to Santo Domingo, where his education was continued by an uncle and the parish priest. These worthy men were so much delighted with the boy's precocious advancement in Latin that they put a copy of Horace into his hands, and very naturally exclaimed with delight when he read aloud with ease from the book of their choice.

Señor Don Zerolo, of Madrid, says that children mature more rapidly, intellectually as well as physically, in southern climes, and that "many American writers" have shown vigorous talent and cre-

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ative ability at an early age, but that these have only come to be of value when followed up by thorough academic training and careful cultivation. The point of view is interesting, when by American writers is meant only those of the West Indies or of South America who write and speak Spanish. The Madrid critic has no faintest thought of our Columbian galaxy of greater and lesser stars from the youthful days of the Cambridge men to our own.

JOSÉ MARIA DE HEREDIA THE ELDER.

The boy genius joined his father at Caracas when he was in his tenth year, and there continued his studies in the classics and in philosophy, and fitting for the University of Havana, where he was graduated in 1817 with honours when he was scarcely fifteen years of age. This is a little ahead of the record of Harvard boys of that and a little later period, when seventeen years was not an unusual age for a Bachelor of Arts. In 1819 the young poet made his first journey to Mexico, and published his first poem, "To Lesbia at Parting," wherein he exclaimed, with youth's peculiar pleasure in woe, that he was less troubled by the horror of parting than by the fear of losing her love. Although he was gone only a little while, his fears were realised, and "Lesbia" gave her heart to a rival during his absence.

The year following Heredia lost his beloved father, and during his first period of poetical activity wrote poems on "Misanthropy," "Inconstancy" and kindred themes. He established himself in a small law practice at Matanzas, his studies at Puerto Principe having fitted him for his father's profession, and his mood of mind making him desirous not to remain in Santiago. He was busier in literature than in the law, however, at this time, and was also associated with some other young men, ardent liberty-loving spirits, in establishing a journal, wherein his own prose and verse appeared, as well as in Havana. He did not believe himself a good enough lawyer to succeed in his profession in the capital of Cuba, although in his later life in Mexico this training served to make his fortune, while his poetry has made his fame.

By little and little during his life at Matanzas and Puerto Principe, Heredia became deeply interested in the early struggles of the Cubans for freedom from the Spanish yoke. The South American republics had freed themselves, and the "Pearl of the Antilles" had begun even so early in the century to throw off the oppressor's yoke. At last, coming out openly, with poet's pen and patriot's voice, against the cruelties and tyrannies of Spanish officials, Heredia was accused of conspiracy, and became an exile from Cuba. By the aid of friends he escaped from the Spanish officers who were in search of him, and took refuge on a Boston-bound ship which was in the harbour of Matanzas. Thus one of the chances which "have laws as fixed as planets

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are" took this lover of liberty into the United States by way of the Tea Party harbour. He remained two years, suffering many privations, and in the harsh climate, homesick and struggling, he laid the foundations of the malady which, only a few years later, cut short his life. He had hard work to get on in a land where after six months of arduous study he found himself able to speak only a little in the "horrible jargon of the English tongue," and he was glad to go to Mexico. Before going he published in New York the first volume of his collected poems, bearing date, "Nueva York, 1825." This was praised in Paris, London and Madrid, as well as in Havana, Valparaiso and Mexico. Fortune was kinder to the young poet in Mexico, where his fame had preceded him and his law training served him. He received appointment after appointment until he became in 1831 Chief Justice, and served in the commission which codified the laws of the Mexican Republic. Sympathy with him was very strong on account of a sentence of perpetual banishment which had been pronounced against him in Cuba after his departure, and civil and literary honours were heaped upon him. For some time before he died, in the spring of 1839, Heredia had been connected with the college at Toluca, where his death took place. He was buried in the cemetery of the City of Mexico.

The poetry of Heredia deserves a serious critical consideration, which is a little apart from the personal intent of this article, and which would take more space than remains after giving the outline of his career. The proof of poetry is in the reading, and that of Heredia is no exception to the rule that a poet can make you feel more of his quality in an hour than the most appreciative exponent of him can give you in a large volume. Heredia —or de Heredia, since only his democratic notions kept him from his rightful use of the aristocratic "de," which his son has resumed—was not free from the faults of his time and hour in poetry. He imitated Byron freely, as young poets of all nations did in the twenties, and he was fond of classical allusions and high-sounding phrases, which mar enjoyment of his poems based on other literatures. But when he writes of Cuba or liberty, of the gentler affections, of the sublime, of the beautiful in nature or in human character, of Niagara or of Washington, Heredia is a great poet; he thrills the sympathetic spirit with joy in his thought and his emotion, his perception and his expression, the lyric loveliness or the stately sweeping melody of his verse. His "Niagara" has been translated into all modern languages and the translation is a fairly good one. His prose essay on Washington is no less admirable than his poem written at Mount Vernon in 1824 and saluting the man,

> Primero en paz y en guerra,
> Primero en el afecto de tu patria!

This poem is full of an exalted enthusiasm, though less perfect poetically than several others of his poems in praise of liberty, notably the one entitled "La Estrella de Cuba," wherein he expresses his longing wonder when the star of Cuba shall shine in serenity and when liberty shall shed its divine rays upon his native island. In a striking poem, written while in the United States, and entitled, "On the Anniversary of the Fourth of July of 1776," there is a stanza of a peculiar significance. This, says Heredia, is the day when the people made known to the kings of earth that

> Man is free! and the sound of applause
> Mounts to the heavens.
> God has made you equal, and lo!
> Whatsoever barbarian hand shall oppress you
> Insults the heavens, offends reason,
> Resists justice, holy and sublime.
> Struggle, heroes, conquer, and on your soil
> Peace and justice, liberty and light, honour and glory,
> Whose happy seed is in your blood,
> Shall spring in vigour. People of all the world,
> You are sons of one father. Live as brethren,
> And let the steel of vengeance
> Be reserved only for tyrants!

Minna Caroline Smith.

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A SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

When the bells are tolling midnight,
And a damp and chilly breeze,
With a dismal kind of horror,
Goes a moaning through the trees;
When you hear the creaky footsteps
Softly treading all around,
'Tis the sound of ghostly spectres
Who have long been underground.

With a grim and grisly rustling,
Come they bustling, come they hustling,
From beneath the mossy slab above their dank and mould'ring tomb.
Then with ardour bold, Byronic,
Tread a measure skeletonic,
And declare their love platonic in the dark and dismal gloom.

Then a cold and slimy shiver
Goes a-shaking up your spine;
And the gooseflesh, all a-quiver,
Has a gruesome sort of time;
For something on the ceiling
Now is moving to and fro—
'Tis a shadow, stealing, stealing,
Of a form dead long ago.

She, long lain with nose tip-tilted
Toward the vegetation wilted,
Lists again to him she jilted in the fleshly days of yore;
But his cold, posthumous wooing
Her sombre mood construing,
Cannot win her, though he's suing with the best of phantom lore.

Though you have no superstition,
Still you feel a ghastly fright,
When this latest apparition
Dawns upon your fearful sight.
Now you wish the lights were burning—
But you do not dare to rise,
For the shadows, twisting, turning,
Seem to stare with hollow eyes.

He with patience persevering
Utters words of love endearing
Till the morning light now nearing, ends their spectral holiday;
Then in quick, fantastic hurry
Go the shades with flop and flurry—
To their vaulted boudoirs scurry ere the breaking of the day.

Envoi

Now the fearful night is over,
And with day there comes the question—
"Are spectres psychological
Or simply indigestion?"

Frederic Ranken.

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THE FATES

The dim grey past, the mother of mankind,
Yields from her distaff weird the precious thread
Into the present's keeping. Fair she stands,
Wanton or wife, as every man must choose.
Fast through her hands the life unresting runs,
And seeks to read the future's shadowed face,
Where each shall see the child of his desire
In that last moment of unearthly light
When flash the blades of her remorseless shears.

John Curtis Underwood.

THOMAS HARDY'S COUNTRY

Scenes from the Wessex Novels

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III.

IN *Two on a Tower* we have a romance; a book of a different calibre and importance from *Tess*. Here Thomas Hardy crosses the borders of Wessex somewhat, and in the character of Lady Constantine he gives us a woman of the world in place of the rustic maidens "with primeval passions," in which the novelist takes especial delight. Swithin St. Cleeve, the young astronomer in whom Viviette, Lady Constantine, takes so deep an interest, is essentially a dreamer, and it speaks well for the skill of the narrator that Mr. Hardy arouses in the reader so satisfactory a curiosity concerning his doings. Lady Constantine herself is one more of those indiscreet, subtly emotional women among the feminine portraits of Thomas Hardy's gallery. A woman at first so æsthetically interested in the beauty of the astronomical youth whom she accidentally found in possession of the "tower" on her estate as to simulate an enthusiasm which she did not feel for a science which she could not comprehend, and afterward to commit the indiscretion of allowing herself to fall in love with the lad, and seek to cover her great *faux pas* and legitimatise her and Swithin's child with true Wessex irony, by her marriage with a bishop!

The story opens with Lady Constantine's arrival, on a clear wintry afternoon, at the entrance to her domain, Welland House, situated a little off the old Melchester (Salisbury) road at Milborne St. Andrew. She gazes at the surrounding country through the field gate, and her attention is riveted by "the central feature of the middle distance, . . . a circular isolated hill, of no great elevation, . . . covered with fir-trees." This hill "was yet further marked out from the general landscape by having on its summit a tower in the form of a classical column, which, though partly immersed in the plantation, rose above the tree-tops to a considerable height." It was this tower (compounded of two such memorials, the other being situated near Charborough) that was destined to play so important a part in the history of Lady Constantine and Swithin St. Cleeve. It is now, owing to the growth of the surrounding trees, only possible to catch a glimpse of the column from a few stated points.

This "fir-shrouded hill-top," we are told, "was (according to some antiquaries) . . . an old Roman camp . . . with the

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remains of an outer and inner valkum, a winding path leading up between their overlapping ends by an easy ascent . . ."

It was up this ascent that the writer climbed recently to find, as so frequently happened during his pilgrimage in Wessex, the description of the book accurately fitting the actuality of nature. "The gloom and solitude which prevailed round the base were remarkable; . . . some boughs and twigs rubbed the pillar's sides or occasionally clicked in catching each other. The sob of the environing trees was here expressly manifest. Below the level of their summits the masonry was lichen-stained and mildewed, for the sun never pierced the moaning cloud of blue-black vegetation. . . ."

It was not for some months that Lady Constantine found an opportunity of visiting the spot which had aroused her curiosity on the afternoon of her homecoming. However, one day in February she drove out and directed that the carriage should enter the gate of one of the fields surrounding the hill, and put her down as close to the base of the hill as possible. She climbed the outer slope of the old earthworks and entered the wood, prompted partially by curiosity and partially by a desire to vary the monotony, by even so mild an adventuring, of her curiously lonely and uninteresting life. She discovered the doorway at the foot of the column, and finding it unfastened, pushed it open, and ascended the staircase. On the top she was brought face to face with the youthful astronomer, who at first is too occupied with the cyclone which he states is taking place in the sun to pay any attention to her presence, even when she addresses him. When he at length looks up, it is to be mutually enamoured, and it is with the history of these two persons, so strangely thrown together, that the story is concerned. The main interest of the tale it is somewhat difficult to locate with exactness, the whole plot turning upon Lady Constantine's matrimonial experiment with Swithin—which proves to be a bigamous one, as her husband, Sir Blount, was still alive at the time—and her singular method of adjusting matters and of saving her reputation by her marriage with the Bishop of Melchester. Her death from failure of the heart on the day when she again meets Swithin, on his return from South Africa, whence he had gone to pursue his astronomical studies, is the method of disposal of a character whimsical and elusive as any the novelist has depicted.

The scene of the final novel of our quintette of selected stories is to all intents and purposes laid in the extreme south of Wessex (Portland), with an occasional transference of that scene to London. *The Well-Beloved,* which has the illuminating sub-title of "a Sketch of a Temperament," is chiefly concerned with the doings of one Jocelyn Pierston, a successful artist, son of a quarry owner, and three generations of Avices—the first of whom was Avice Caro, the girl playmate of his childhood's days on the island, and the last the granddaughter, and one Marcia Bencomb, with whom the vacillating Jocelyn philanders and eventually marries.

The novelist in the preface to the standard edition of the book gives this explanation of the elusive character of the story, which without it would appear scarcely more than a shadowy puppet-show, and a peg on which to hang some fine and unsurpassed descriptions of the island scenery and atmospheric conditions in South Wessex. "The peninsula, carved by time out of a single stone," we are told, . . . "has been for centuries immemorial the home of a curious and almost distinctive people, cherishing strange beliefs and singular customs, now for the most part obsolescent. Fancies, like certain soft-wooded plants which cannot bear the silent inland frosts, but thrive by the sea in the roughest of weather, seem to grow up naturally here, in particular among those natives who have no active concern in the labours of the 'isle.' Hence, it is a spot apt to generate a type of personage like the character imperfectly sketched in these pages—a native of natives—whom some may choose to call a fantast, . . . but whom others may see only as one that gave objective continuity and a name to a delicate dream."

This dream is, it may be remarked, the feminine *alter ego* of the man, but, after all, not merely that. The "well-beloved" is not only the other-self, but the *ideal* other-self, which even less often materialises to reward the most earnest of seekers.

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THE TOWER ON THE "FIR-SHROUDED HILL-TOP"

From a photograph by Clive Holland.

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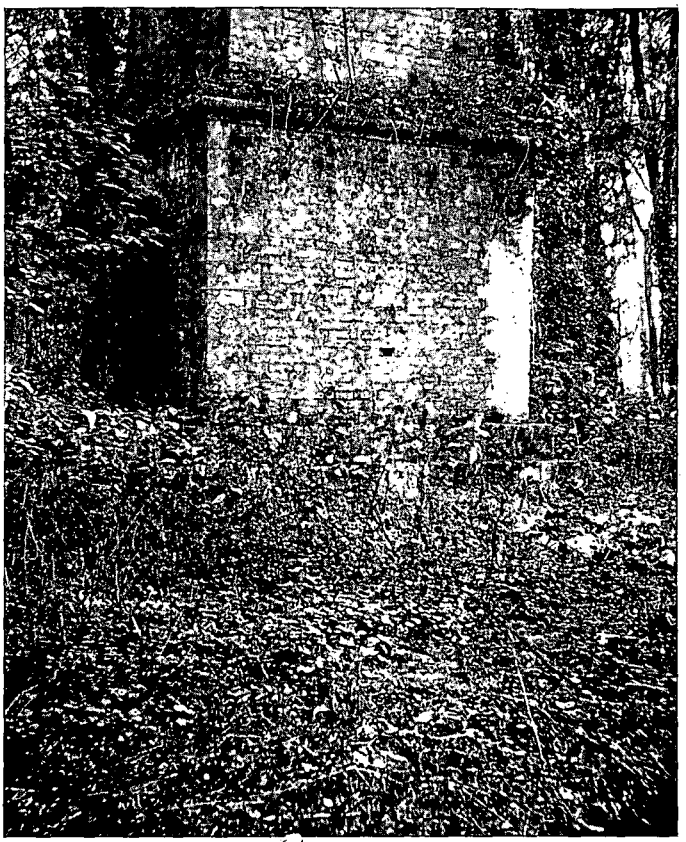

"THE SOB OF THE ENVIRONING TREES WAS HERE EXPRESSLY MANIFEST. BELOW THE LEVEL OF THEIR SUMMITS THE MASONRY WAS LICHEN-STAINED AND MILDEWED."

The village of Portland lies on the landward side of the "Isle of Slingers" as it is named in the novel, facing almost northwest, a conglomeration of houses and stone sheds built in tiers one above the other up the steep hillside. Above the highest towers the green and then grey slope marking the summit. The main street of the townlet, which "is connected with the mainland by a long, thin neck of pebbles—unparallelled in its kind in Europe," is exceedingly steep, and leads into the centre of the once island, now peninsula, "that stretches out like the head of a bird into the English Channel." It was up this Street of Wells (as it is called in the story) that Jocelyn Pierston on a summer afternoon climbed on his way to the eastern village. He was paying one of his periodical visits to his birthplace, which he had left in youth to become a sculptor. He felt warm and sat down opposite a cottage to rest. The whirr and saw-saw of the quarrymen and stone-sawyers at work came to him as he sat, a sound familiar enough in his boyhood, but now strange and familiar at one and the same time. In the cottage lived a Mrs. Caro and her daughter Avice, the latter having been the playmate of his childhood. He enters the cottage, and while talking to her mother Avice herself makes her appearance; and, notwithstanding that she has grown up (her age is about eighteen) and he has attained almost to man's estate, greets her returned playfellow with a kiss. Jocelyn gives a start of surprise, which escapes the girl, but not the eyes of her mother, who reproves her: "Avice—my dear Avice! Why—what are you doing? Don't you know that you've grown up to be a woman since Jocelyn—Mr. Pierston—was last down here? Of course, you mustn't do now as you used to do three or four years ago!"

When Jocelyn, who protests somewhat ineffectively that he expected the form of greeting he had received, has gone, her mother pursues her lecture on Avice's impropriety. The girl herself, with the simplicity of manners which runs like a thread through this story of primitive folk, who, till at all events recently, had several curious customs altogether out of keeping with the age in which they live, said simply enough, "I—I didn't think about how I was altered . . . I used to kiss him, and he used to kiss me before he went away."

The girl goes out into the garden at the back of her mother's dwelling to expiate her impropriety and to celebrate her newly acquired sense of womanhood and shame and grief with tears. Jocelyn, not finding his father at home, also goes

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out into his garden, which abuts on that of the Caros. He hears Avice sobbing and moaning out, "Oh, what shall I *do*, what *shall* I do! . . . So bold as it was—so shameless! . . . He will never forgive me—never, never like me again! He'll think me a forward hussy—"

Jocelyn after hearing this retreats as quickly as he can, but he is conscious that he is not displeased either by the girl's difficulty in seeing anything out of the way in her action, or by the fact that she is distressed lest she should by it have lost his good opinion.

But with the difficulty he labours under all through his life he is unable to feel that love has come rather than the mere elusive fancy of the ideal, which already has on several occasions caused him trouble.

"THE MAIN STREET . . . THE STREET OF WELLS."

During the month of his holiday he sees much of Avice, and for a time is deluded into thinking that she is, after all, the "well-beloved" of his errant search. The night before he is to leave again for London he has a tryst with Avice at King Henry the Eighth's castle (which lies on a sandstone promontory almost straight across from the townlet of Portland on the mainland, behind which is Budmouth-Regis (Weymouth). He is on his way thither when he is overtaken by a boy with a note. It is from Avice, who, doubtless from the newly awakened sense of the alteration which has taken place in them both since his last visit, declines to keep the tryst, saying, after an explanation which shows the subtility of the novelist's characterisation, "On the whole, therefore, it is best that I should not come—if only for appearances—and meet you at the time and place suggesting the custom, to others than ourselves, at least if known."

The "custom" referred to, it may be remarked, being one involving privileges as a rule coincident only with marriage, but given freely before the actual ceremony—till a comparatively recent period—by the primitive inhabitants of the Isle of Slingers. One is left somewhat in doubt as to how much this revolt against custom is caused by Avice's half-cultivated refinement and how much by a latent fear that Jocelyn would despise her for yielding to it.

Jocelyn, disappointed at Avice's failure to meet him—not, however, angry with her; which serves to show how fleeting and unsubstantial was her assumption of the rôle of the "well-beloved" in his eyes—goes on toward Budmouth. While walking along the shore road he meets a woman almost overpowered by the wind, which has risen to the force of a gale. This woman, the daughter of a Mr. Ben-

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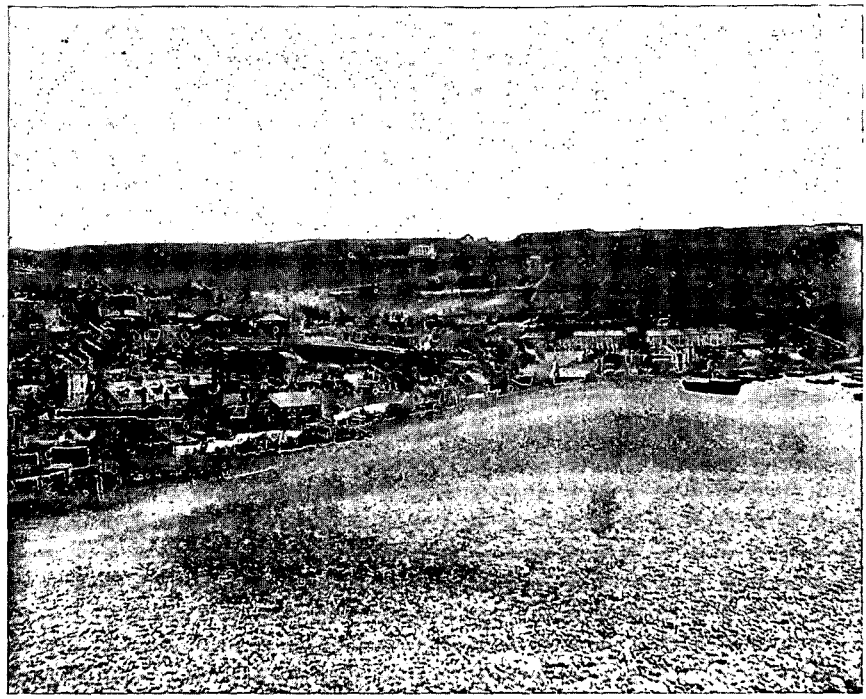

"THE VILLAGE OF PORTLAND . . . . A CONGLOMERATION OF HOUSES AND STONE SHEDS BUILT IN TIERS ONE ABOVE THE OTHER UP THE STEEP HILLSIDE."

comb, he assists. She is running away in a fit of anger at her father's treatment of her. Her destination is also London. They shelter for some hours under one of the lerrets (a large, stoutly built boat) and then proceed to a hotel at Budmouth, and next morning to London. Meanwhile, the "well-beloved" has assumed, with the rapidity which is so elusive and startling both to Jocelyn himself and to the reader, the form of this woman, Marcia Bencomb. They live at a hotel together for some days while waiting to be married, and then eventually quarrel (before the ceremony can be performed) over their respective parents and the merits of a feud which had existed for many years between them. They part; and Jocelyn suffers from several incursions of the "well-beloved" into the temple he had prepared for *the* "well-beloved." Twenty years pass, and he again finds himself in the isle, present at the funeral of his Avice, who had married and left behind her a daughter, also called Avice, who in time becomes another of the elusive visions of Jocelyn Pierston's "well-beloved."

This Ann Avice haunts him after his return to London, and he takes a lease of "Sylvania Castle," one of the few important residences on the isle, and settles there in the hope of his ideal ultimately materialising in the form of this second Avice. Some of the finest pictures of local scenery and atmospheric conditions are found in this portion of the narrative. Avice the Second's temperament, Jocelyn discovers, is affected strangely by the weather. "Among other things," we are told, "he observed that she is often anxious when it rains. If, after a wet day, a golden streak appeared in the sky over Deadman's Bay, under a lid of cloud (as it frequently does), her manner was joyous and her tread light." Avice, at Jocelyn's behest, returns with him to London as a servant.

But the "well-beloved" in the case of Avice the Second proves as elusive as that of Avice the First, and when Pierston confesses to the former that he was the "false young man" of whom her mother had spoken, she refuses to have anything more to do with him. Pressed for a reason why she will not accept his offer of marriage, she confesses that she is already married, having fallen a victim

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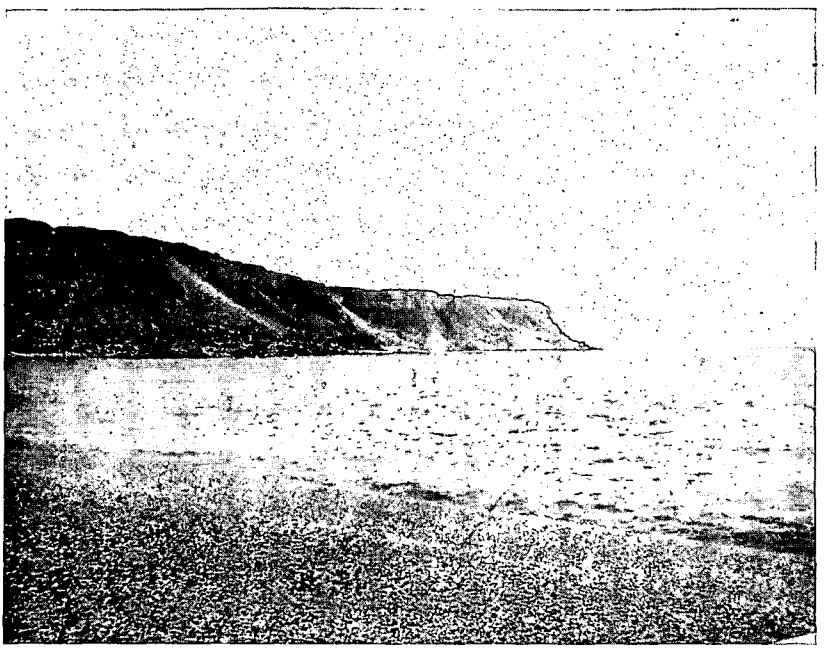

"THE ONCE ISLAND, NOW PENINSULA, THAT STRETCHES OUT LIKE THE HEAD OF A BIRD INTO THE ENGLISH CHANNEL."

to the "island custom," the fear of which had probably lost Pierston to her mother as a husband.

This revelation causes the return of Pierston and Avice to Portland. After inspecting the register of marriages, and finding that Avice's story of marriage is true, Jocelyn leaves her.

Another period of twenty years passes, and the wanderer once more returns to his birthplace, having lived during the time elapsed mostly in Rome and abroad. He finds Avice the Second a widow, and her daughter a young woman of about eighteen—a modernised and educated edition of her own mother and grandmother.

Avice the Third enters upon the scene of Pierston's life as her two former namesakes had done in the past. Of this third incarnation the novelist says, "He (Pierston) was subject to gigantic fantasies still. In spite of himself, the sight of the new moon, as representing one who, by her so-called inconstancy, acted up to his own idea of a migratory Well-Beloved, made him feel as if his wraith in a changed sex had suddenly looked over the horizon at him."

In some respects the third Avice has more of her grandmother's temperament than of her mother's, for we are told that she possessed "the flippant, harmless freedom of the watering-place 'Miss'," acquired during her life at a boarding-school at Sandbourne (Bournemouth). Taught by past experiences, Jocelyn carefully guarded the secret that he had aforetime courted her mother and even grandmother! "Like her granny, she was too inexperienced to be reserved," and the strange courtship, on account of this, proceeds apace. Pierston takes lodgings at Budmouth; but finds many opportunities to come over to the island and take evening walks sometimes with Avice the Third alone, sometimes with her mother as chaperon. With true Hardy selectiveness, Henry the Eighth's Castle, which might have turned the course of events in her grandmother's day, is made the scene of Avice's enlightenment as regards Jocelyn's intentions. In this castle, open to the sky, placed on the very verge of the rag-stone cliff, Pierston consults with the mother as to her daughter's feelings, to discover that the former at least would not be averse to an alliance which had just eluded her and her mother before.

Pierston somewhat neglects his courtship after this moonlight excursion to the castle, but returns to the island to bid

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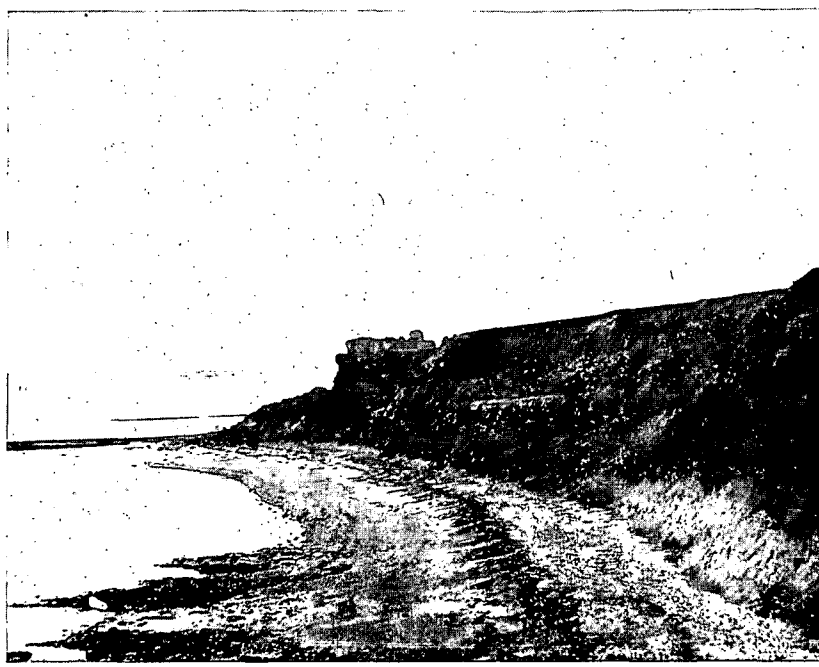

"KING HENRY THE EIGHTH'S CASTLE, WHICH LIES ON A SANDSTONE PROMONTORY."

Avice's mother good-by. Mrs. Pierston, for such is her married name, is ill, and Avice the Third agrees, on her mother's representations, to marry Jocelyn. After Mrs. Pierston's recovery she and Avice visit London; during which the final arrangements for the marriage are made. They then return to the island where Jocelyn was to follow them for the event. He does so in due course only to find Mrs. Pierston again seriously ill, and while she lies a-bed, on what was to have been the wedding morn, Avice her daughter steals from the house in the company of a young Jersey man named Leverre—the son of Marcia Bencomb, whose image had supplanted that of Avice the First for a brief period in Jocelyn Pierston's errant fancy.

Thus to some extent was justice done to the memory of that first Avice, whom Jocelyn had jilted.

Jocelyn in the end marries Marcia, but makes it perfectly plain to her that she is not, after all, the "well-beloved" of his life-long search. She marries him, apparently, because she ought to have done so some forty years previous.

Avice the Third by this arrangement becomes Pierston's daughter-in-law by marriage; she is forgiven and provided with a house at Sandbourne, where she had secretly met her future husband while still a girl at the finishing school.

The novel thus ended is so unlike any other of the writer's works that it must be classed by itself as a more than slightly fantastic study of an unusual temperament. The story probably interests the general reader chiefly because of its very elusiveness, and those who know the Isle of Slingers and its ways because of the fidelity of its descriptive portions. But it is one of the few novels of Thomas Hardy of which it is possible to give a synopsis without robbing the story of its chief charm.

(*Conclusion.*)

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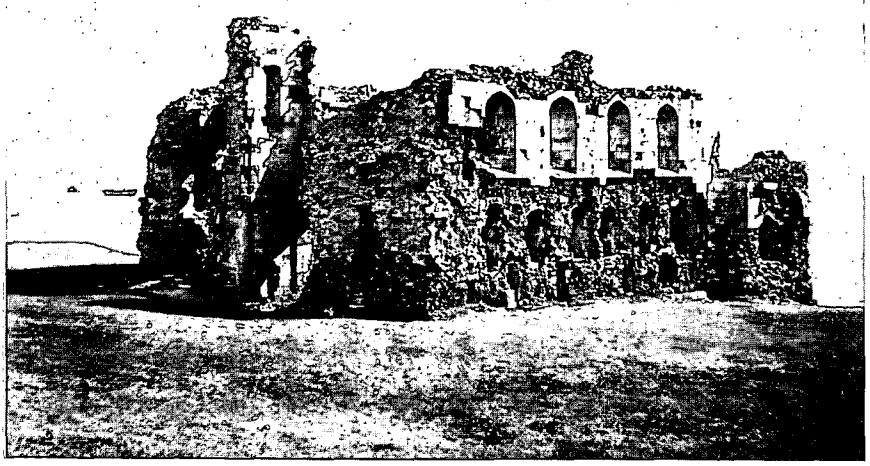
"A GOLDEN STREAK APPEARED IN THE SKY OVER DEADMAN'S BAY."



"IN THIS CASTLE, OPEN TO THE SKY, PLACED ON THE VERY VERGE OF THE RAG-STONE CLIFF, PIERSTON CONSULTS WITH THE MOTHER AS TO HER DAUGHTER'S FEELINGS."

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From a drawing made in 1895 by Janet Mary Oliphant.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S OWN STORY.*

Most of us instinctively attribute to those whose writings have charmed us equally engaging personal qualities, despite the painful revelations which the disclosure of the truth has too often forced us to accept. But sometimes our ideal does not suffer even under the disillusioning light of biography. There are painful revelations in Mrs. Oliphant's own story, but they arouse pity rather than scorn and strengthen rather than weaken affectionate admiration for the writer. The dominant note of the book is sincerity. An autobiography may be candid, but not sincere. There is always a temptation to pose, to analyse motives with a self-conscious eye to the effect, to be frank, but not quite honest. But there is nothing of this in Mrs. Oliphant's book. It was begun as a record for her children. When the last one died she laid down the pen. "And now here I am all alone," she says. "I cannot write any more." But she gave permission to those who loved her to deal with the record as they saw fit; and Mrs. Coghill, who was a relative and who was much with her in her griefs and troubles, has interpreted

*The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Arranged and edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. With two portraits. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

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this permission judiciously and has told the world all that it has the right to know of a singularly noble and heroic life. Apart from the position which Mrs. Oliphant won in literature, the book is a human document of the highest value. It holds the attention from beginning to end. Mere extracts cannot do justice to its engrossing fascination. It should be read entire; and when it is so read the pathos of the narrative will enter into the reader's own life. Only a hundred and fifty pages—a third part of the volume—are devoted to the "Autobiography," the rest contain the "Letters;" but many more minute and laborious works have been less vivid and intimate. Yet in no case has either Mrs. Oliphant or her editor indulged in any rending of the sanctity of private life. Details that should be withheld from personal friends are not exposed to the gaze of strangers. There is nothing to arouse or satisfy vulgar curiosity. There are no hints of scandal, nor is there any occasion for such hints. The book appeals not to lovers of gossip, but to lovers of literature; and to them its appeal is irresistible.

Mrs. Oliphant's life was not a remarkable one in its outward events. She had a singularly quiet and secluded girlhood. She was born in Midlothian, on the 10th of June, 1828; but six years later the family removed to Glasgow, and later to Liverpool. The father was a man of small means, with a distaste for society. "I never was at a dance till after my marriage," Mrs. Oliphant says, "never went out, never saw anybody at home." But the mother, "the old type of Scotch mother," was a sensible and well-read woman, not demonstrative nor caressing, but passionately fond of her daughter. There were books and magazines in the house, and the little Margaret early began to take an interest in them. She began to amuse herself with writing quite naturally; she does not intimate any premature signs of genius, nor does she explain how that remarkable novel, *Mrs. Margaret Maitland,* was written at the age of twenty-one. The curious picture of the conditions under which she did her work deserves to be reproduced:

> I had no table, even, to myself, much less a room to work in, but sat at the corner of the family table with my writing book, with everything going on as if I had been making a shirt instead of writing a book. Our rooms in those days were sadly wanting in artistic arrangement. The table was in the middle of the room, the centre round which everybody sat with the candles or lamp upon it. My mother sat always at needlework of some kind, and talked to whoever might be present, and I took my share in the conversation, going on all the same with my story, the little groups of imaginary persons, those other talks evolving themselves quite undisturbed. It would put me out now to have some one sitting at the same table talking while I worked—at least I would think it put me out, with that sort of conventionalism which grows upon one. But up to this date (1888) I have never been shut up in a separate room, or hedged off with any observances. My study, all the study I have ever attained to, is the little second drawing-room where all the (feminine) life of the house goes on, and I don't think I have ever had two hours undisturbed (except at night, when everybody is in bed) during my whole literary life. Miss Austen, I believe, wrote in the same way, and very much for the same reason, but at her period the natural flow of life took another form. The family were half ashamed to have it known that she was not just a young lady like the others, doing her embroidery. Mine were quite pleased to magnify me, and to be proud of my work, but always with a hidden sense that it was an admirable joke, and no idea that any special facilities or retirement was necessary.

Margaret Oliphant Wilson married her cousin, Francis Oliphant, on the fourth of May, 1852, and passed from this quiet life to a struggle which lasted until her death. Her husband was a designer of painted windows—a profession that might have been remunerative; but he did not have the faculty of getting on, and presently the state of his health compelled a journey southward. He died in Rome in 1859, leaving his widow penniless with three children to support. Thus Mrs. Oliphant's career of unending labour and bitter sorrow began. "I was young still," she says, "thirty-one, and never self-confident. And there we waited six weeks until my baby was born —he as fair and sweet and healthful as if everything had been well with us." But she had already made her beginning in literature—a baker's dozen of novels, mostly forgotten now, and not unde-

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servedly—and in the midst of her discouragements she turned to work again. She settled in Edinburgh for the winter, then went to Ealing, where she lived until the education of her boys at Eton drew her to Windsor, her home for the rest of her days. And from henceforth her busy pen never rested. Mrs. Oliphant admits that she was angry when people talked of her amazing industry; but no other phrase expresses it. The list of her published books and magazine articles is incredibly long. Novels (seventy-five or more), biographies, histories, books of criticism, short stories, papers on almost every subject but politics—perhaps no writer ever did more in thirty years than she. Her little daughter died—a loss to which she recurred again and again with passionate grief—but she had her two sons to provide for; and when her brother came to her broken in health and spirits, she unhesitatingly took a new burden on her shoulders, cared for him until the end, and added his family to her own. It is a sad story; and the saddest part of it is that the sacrifice was all in vain. Her elder son disappointed her hopes before he died; her younger, on whom she leaned more and more, followed him into the grave; her nephew, Frank, whose career had begun bravely, also was taken away from her. Such trials would have crushed most women; but Mrs. Oliphant battled against them, impatient because she was permitted to live so long, and yet working strenuously to the last. "I have always had to think of other people," she says, "and to plan everything—for my own pleasure, it is true, very often, but always in subjection to the necessity which bound me to them. . . . I have not been able to rest, to please myself, to take the pleasures that have come in my way, but have always been forced to go on without pause. When my poor brother's family fell upon my hands, and especially when there was a question of Frank's education, I remember that I said to myself, having then, perhaps, a little stirring of ambition, that I must make up my mind to think no more of that, and that to bring up the boys for the service of God was better than to write a fine novel, supposing that it was in me to do so." But those who have read *Salem Chapel,* or *The Perpetual Curate,* or *Agnes,* or *The Wizard's Son* may well think that the fine novel has been written after all. "In this my resolution which I did make," Mrs. Oliphant adds, "I was only following my instincts, it being in reality easier to me to keep on with a flowing sail, to keep my household and make a number of people comfortable, at the cost of incessant work, and an occasional great crisis of anxiety, than to live the self-restrained life which the greater artist imposes on himself."

Yet at times the strain seemed almost too much. Life was "always at hard, if not at high pressure." The victim was like Prometheus, "the man chained to the rock, with the vultures swooping down upon him." Mrs. Oliphant had no gift for small economies; she could not scrimp and save. It might have been better had she been more frugal. She "managed to pay everything and do everything, to stint nothing," though there were moments when "the way seemed to end and the rocks to close in; but the corner was always rounded, the road opened up again." She tells a story of one experience of this kind, how a fortunate and unexpected offer from the *Graphic* saved her from a miserable anxiety. "I managed it somehow, thank God!" she says. "If I had not had unbroken health, and a spirit almost criminally elastic, I could not have done it. I ought to have been worn out by work, and crushed by care, half a hundred times by all rules, but I never was so. . . . To tempt Providence or to trust God, which was it? . . . I pay the penalty in that I shall not leave anything behind me that will live. What does it matter? Nothing at all now—never anything to speak of. At my most ambitious of times I would rather my children had remembered me as their mother than in any other way, and my friends as their friend. And now that there are no children to whom to leave any memory, and the friends drop day by day, what is the reputation of a circulating library to me? . . . An infinitude of pains and labour, and all to disappear like the stubble and the hay. Yet who knows? The little faculty may grow a bigger one in the more genial land to come, where one will have no need to think of the boiling of the daily pot. In the meantime it was good to have kept the pot boiling and maintained the cheerful household fire so long, though it is

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smouldering and out in darkness now." Intolerable as the darkened hearth seemed at times, urgent as the longing was for death to end all, Mrs. Oliphant's elasticity of spirit did not wholly fail. "I would not say I have had an unhappy life. . . . Sometimes I am miserable—always there is in me the sense that I may have active cause to be at any moment—always the gnawing pangs of anxiety, and deep, deep dissatisfaction beyond words, and the sense of helplessness, which of itself is despair. And yet there are times when my heart jumps up in the old unreasonable way, and I am—yes, happy—though the word seems so inappropriate—without any cause for it, with so many causes the other way. I wonder whether this is want of feeling, or mere temperament and elasticity, or if it is a special compensation—'Werena my heart licht I wad dee'—Grizel Hume must have had the same." It is interesting to listen to the testimony of Mrs. Coghill, in a passage which must be quoted for the illumination it gives of the most agreeable side of Mrs. Oliphant's character:

> It is certain that if she had had no moral qualities except courage, she could not have toiled on as she did: a saving sense of humour, a great capacity to enjoy what was really comic, and everything that was beautiful made life easier to her, and "the great joy of doing kindnesses" was one never absent from her. So that whatever suffering might be lying in wait to seize upon her solitary hours, there was always a pleasant welcome and talk of the very best to be found in her modest drawing-room. If the visitors were congenial, her charm of manner awoke, her simple fitness of speech clothed every subject with life and grace, her beautiful eyes shone (they never sparkled), and the spell of her exquisite womanliness made a charmed circle around her. She was never a beautiful woman at any time of her life, though for many years she was a very pretty one, but she had, as a family inheritance, lovely hands, which were constantly busy in what she called her idle time, with some dainty sewing or knitting; she had those wonderful eyes which kept their beauty to the last minute of her life, and she had a most exquisite daintiness in all her ways and in the very atmosphere about her, which was "pure womanly."

"God alone knows what was the anguish of these years!" the sufferer cries. And yet her heart was light and she did not die. Is the contradiction incredible? Those who know themselves how pain and joy are intermingled will not think so.

Mrs. Oliphant's opinion of her own work was not, as has been seen, an exalted one. She speaks of it as "accidental," a matter of daily labour—she wonders how Trollope (whose work she admired) can talk about his characters as he does. Yet this indifference did not arise from any lack of absorption in the task of composition. Over parts of *Salem Chapel* she sat up all night, stirred to the very bottom of her mind. Occasionally her books pleased her, but very often they did not. Few competent judges will deny that Mrs. Oliphant has a remarkable command of language and a subtle gift of style. But she does not boast even of this. "I have always had my sing-song," she says, "guided by no sort of law, but by my ear, which was in its way fastidious to the cadence and measure that pleased me; but it is bewildering to me in my perfectly artless art, if I may use the word at all, to hear of the elaborate ways of forming and enhancing style, and all the studies for that end." It has been bewildering, too, to others. Of course, a style like Mrs. Oliphant's does not invariably reach perfection, and suffers sometimes by small slips and inaccuracies; but it is easy, vivid, flowing and often curiously felicitous in its turns of phrase.

There are various references in the "Letters" to her characters, but most of these are casual and somewhat disappointing. She seldom speaks as explicitly as she does in Mr. Wentworth's case, Mr. Wentworth being the young priest in *The Perpetual Curate*. She tells John Blackwood that she is "very much comforted and exhilarated" by his commendation. Mr. Wentworth, she says, is a favourite of hers, and she means to bestow the very greatest care upon him. "I think," she adds, "I have materials in my hands for a little exhibition of all the three parties in the Church." And she goes on to discuss the curate's position with a remarkably clear apprehension of the issues involved. Mrs. Oliphant, it must be remembered, was of the Scotch Church, though there is in one of her later letters a reference to her attendance

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at early communions at the parish church at Windsor; and the atmosphere in which she grew up was certainly not friendly to Anglicanism. Yet her Anglican clergymen are marvellously real, and it is only now and then that one is able to detect a false note. In this respect her work may be compared with Trollope's, though it is on the whole less accurate than his. Trollope admits, however, that when he wrote *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* he had but a remote acquaintance with archdeacons and bishops. Even more amazing is Mrs. Oliphant's confession that she wrote *Salem Chapel* with no more knowledge of the ways of dissenters than she had obtained through occasional attendance at the services of a little congregation in Liverpool. For the absolute fidelity of her picture here is beyond question. It is only another illustration of the strange power to absorb impressions, half unconsciously, which characterises writers of imaginative literature. Mrs. Oliphant no more had to be a dissenter to write *Salem Chapel* than Shakespeare had to be a lawyer to write *The Merchant of Venice.* In another letter she confesses to a "weakness" for Lucilla Marjoribanks. Many of us will share this feeling. Perhaps it would not be far from the truth to say that in some respects at least Lucilla is her most admirable feminine creation. The story in which she appears is full of the keenest humour; and it has long divided with Jane Austen's *Emma* the affections of the present writer as a masterpiece of amiable sarcasm.

Such references as these are scanty; and Mrs. Oliphant never follows her characters, as Miss Austen did, after they have disappeared from the reader's view. She does not tell us whether Lottie Despard was restored to love as well as to art, or which young man Hester Vernon finally married. She insists that she hates to talk about studying human nature or anything of that kind, and that she is really not a very observant person. But this utterance cannot be swallowed unsalted. No doubt she did not consciously make "copy" of her friends, but her active mind must have been constantly open to impressions. Certainly the writer of *Salem Chapel* went through the world with her eyes open. Perhaps some of the letters which Mrs. Coghill says are lost might have enabled us to trace more closely in her novels her own personal experiences. She made use of these, as all writers do. Readers of *Agnes* will remember how the lonely young wife, soon to be a mother, found consolation in the picture of "The Visitation" in the Pitti Gallery at Florence. Mrs. Oliphant went to that exquisite interpretation of the story of Elizabeth and Mary in similar circumstances; "I had no woman to go to, to be comforted," she says, "except these two." Again, her account in a letter to her nephew of Dr. Bridge's playing in Westminster Abbey must have suggested to her one of the best scenes in *Within the Precincts,* which was written just after.

Mrs. Oliphant hated all the processes of lionising, and it is obvious that she neither gave nor took much pleasure in society. But she had many intimate friends, and she did many kind acts for others. She tells a rather ill-natured story of Aytoun, but usually there is nothing in her record to wound the feelings of any one. "I have one gift that I know of," she says, "and I am a little proud of it. It is that of making people talk—at least, of making *some* people talk." She certainly drew out the best in Carlyle. He may have been a monster to others, but he was kind and genial to her. He spoke enthusiastically of her *Life of Irving*—saying that she was "worth whole cartloads of Mulocks and Brontës and things of that sort." This was perhaps a little unfair to the author of *Jane Eyre,* but certainly the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman,* was getting at that time more praise than she deserved. It was Mrs. Oliphant, indeed, who introduced Miss Mulock to Mr. Blackett, the publisher—a fact to which she refers with some bitterness; for she could not help seeing that Miss Mulock was immensely inferior to herself as an artist, though she reached at a bound an extraordinary measure of popularity. Another friend of hers was Mrs. Ritchie (Anne Thackeray), whom she met, with Mr. Leslie Stephen and his wife (Thackeray's other daughter), at Interlaken. She admired Thackeray greatly, and doubtless this was one bond between them. Principal Tulloch and his wife she had a great affection for; she wrote a *Life* of the Principal after he died. Mr. Kinglake, the historian,

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and Mr. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator,* were two of her constant friends and admirers. She met Tennyson, who was very rude to her, and Ruskin and George Macdonald. But she went comparatively little into society in general. Her residence at Windsor brought her into relations with the Queen that must be described as almost friendly. "The Queen," she writes to Mr. Blackwood, "was extremely kind and gracious to me, so kind that all one's little embarrassments about such an interview went completely away. . . . She . . . expressed a kindly wish to see more of me, now that I had definitely decided to remain at Windsor." Not the least among her friendships was that for John Blackwood and his sister Isabella. The publisher had the happiest relations with the author who wrote so constantly for *Maga,* and their financial arrangements were always amicably made.

Thus passed a busy life, and one not all unhappy despite its grievous sorrows. The story is painful in some respects, as has been said, but it is none the less infinitely fascinating, and those who miss reading it will lose a genuine pleasure. This is not the place to discuss Mrs. Oliphant's art, or to endeavour to say what her final place in literature may be. My own opinion is that she was a great artist and that her novels will live as Jane Austen's have lived. Perhaps there were too many of them; but even so, their wide range, their accurate portraiture of contemporary conditions, their brilliant characterisation and easy dialogue, and their sympathetic analysis of human nature, must always win readers. Mrs. Oliphant shares with Trollope the honour of drawing the English people of the nineteenth century as no professed historian has ever drawn them. Perhaps I should have said the British people, for surely her pictures of Scottish life are full of charm. Upon the question of her marvellous industry much might be said. I am not at all sure that she ever sacrificed quality to quantity. It was probably a matter of temperament; she did her best writing at white heat. Other novelists also have been prolific; witness Trollope, and the great Frenchmen—Balzac, Dumas and Hugo. Some of her novels will doubtless be sacrificed to oblivion. Yet as we recall them one by one, it is impossible to believe that all can disappear. Even if *Carlingford* could be forgotten, those remarkable tales of the supernatural would remain as a witness to genius of no common kind.

Edward Fuller.

WILLIAM MORRIS

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

Mr. Mackail's *Life of William Morris** is a charming book, and one that should commend itself to all the admirers of a man exceptional in the infinite variety of his powers. To the friends of William Morris the book is invaluable as presenting a record, truthful and sympathetic, of a remarkable life.

The early part of the *Life* is delightful in its loving sincerity and unshrinking truthfulness. The "boy," we are told, "was good-natured and kind, but with a fearful temper"—"fond of mooning and talking to himself, and considered to be a little mad by the other boys"; not a commonplace boy indeed, likely to get on at school, but most affectionate in nature, as shown in many of his home letters, and full even then of unusual interests.

Born under comfortable, even affluent conditions, his home placed in one of the then wildest and most picturesque bits of country near London, Morris revealed, we are told, in early years an eager love for reading and for architectural beauty. Having been taken to Canterbury Cathedral and to the church of Minster in Thanet when only eight years old—fifty years later, never having seen the church in the interval, he described it in some detail from that recollection. At school in spare time, of which in those days there seems to have been plenty, he read with avidity works on archæology and ecclesiastical architecture, and left Marl-

*The Life of William Morris. By J. W. Mackail. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $7.50 net.

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borough, as he himself said, "a good archæologist, and knowing most of what there was to be known about English Gothic."

Mr. Mackail, with lifelike touch, only to be gained by intimate acquaintance with Morris's family and friends, and with the help of many interesting letters, shows the development of the eager boy into the earnest youth, going up to Oxford, his mind from natural inclination and family influence ripe to receive the mediæval impressions of that "vision of grey-roofed houses, a long, winding street, and the sound of many bells."

Within a week of his entering Exeter College he made a friend who was to be his until death, Edward Burne-Jones, then a freshman without distinction of any kind excepting for his schoolboy drawings of "Devils." He writes thus of William Morris: "From the first I knew how different he was from all the men I had ever met;" and again he writes, "Of painting we knew nothing."

It is strange to read that in these early days both Morris and Burne-Jones entered Oxford with the distinct intention of taking Holy Orders, Morris inclining to the High Church movement, even to the extreme monastic idea. But friends, artistic, intellectual, literary, mostly bent upon leading the "higher life," social or religious, gathered quickly and closely around, and Mr. Mackail with ever-growing interest tells how "the brotherhood had grown into a close union of minds and hearts, an intimate fellowship in all projects, ideas and enthusiasms." Gradually a scheme for banding together with the express purpose of reforming the degraded Arts and Crafts of the time, and benefiting the then oppressed and neglected working classes, took the place of the purely religious idea in William Morris's vigorous mind. Mr. Mackail gives a letter written by Morris to his mother, explaining his views in words of simple earnestness not to be surpassed. We would for its beauty's sake quote it here, but have only space for a few telling lines from it. "I will by no means give up things I have thought of *for the bettering of the world* in so far as lies in me."

A beautiful portrait is given of Mrs. William Morris when a girl, from a drawing by D. G. Rossetti. One cannot wonder that many painters found their model in the new and grand revelation of beauty there depicted. The writer remembers well the vivid and lasting impression that the first sight of that grave and queenly presence made upon a country mind previously educated up to the lines of beauty according to John Leech's plump and comely girls, fenced in as they were with the inevitable "crinoline" of the day, a striking contrast indeed.

The account of the building and furnishing of Morris's Red House (perhaps the first *red* house of the century, longsuffering in stucco and plaster) gives us a picture of life surely perfect in its worship of work, for work's sake, in its warm and generous friendship, hatred of shams and innocent, almost childlike love for the beauty and joy of existence.

There is a warm glow in Mr. Mackail's description of the "garden with its long grass walks, its wattled rose trellises, enclosing richly flowered square garden plots, unique as the house it surrounded," the group of great men, still children in their keen sense of fun, already sages in their wide grasp of what was needed and what they meant to do.

"Oh! the joy of those Saturdays to Mondays at Red House! . . . We laughed because we were happy," writes a frequent guest; and, in truth, Morris was the very perfection of a host: kind all around, to great and small equally genial and warm-hearted, never condescending in manner, always first to be proud of and delighted at the successes of his friends, modest in his estimate of his own powers.

The writer, often a visitor at Red House, recalls how, after scribbling away at his poetry ("very easy to write," as he declared earlier), Morris would break suddenly from his work, ask for listeners, read what he had penned in a level, sonorous tone, and seem genuinely glad to receive the applause and criticism of his hearers.

It was a touching sight to see him with his grand head and splendid hair lying on the rug in front of the wide-open fireplace, and playing with and caressing his two lovely little girls in the gentlest way, though quickly wincing and changing to vexation if any difficulties arose. But warmth, kindness, earnestness, guilelessness, even irritability, seemed necessary parts of that nature, so powerful and

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energetic, filled with mighty imaginings, yet ever ready to be easy and playful.

Wild pranks were often played by the friends who surrounded the genial man in that heyday of youth and gladness, when the age of thirty years was rather regarded as senility, and life after that date scarcely a state to be desired.

Once Morris returned home in a brand-new hat, which being espied a cry arose, "Topsy has bought a new hat, let's shy stones at it." No sooner said than done, and the hat was speedily riddled by pebbles, Morris himself in nowise discomfited, but joining merrily in the destruction of his new purchase.

One day, when the present writer was dining at Morris's table, he (who, when journeying abroad, proved himself an admirable cook), found reason to be dissatisfied with the repast. Rising suddenly with carving-knife in hand, he rushed from the room, exclaiming, "I'll kill that cook!" Consternation was, however, speedily dispelled by his return after a few moments pleasantly smiling and the cook still alive!

The major portion of the second volume of this admirable book is devoted to a wise, temperate and sympathetic review of the history and development of the Socialistic movement on which Morris expended so much time and money.

Always in earnest in all that he did, he as poet, artist and craftsman was an expert, a master, but in Socialism and Economics we can regard him as but an amateur. His ideas were Utopian and impracticable; but his brain was clear, and he saw the weaknesses and difficulties that beset his path.

Of all his coadjutors Charles Faulkner was, perhaps, the most faithful, zealous and helpful. Faulkner was at times almost truculent and apt to threaten those who could not accept his prophecy of a bloody revolution at no very distant date. Morris, especially after the Trafalgar Square episode, was fully convinced that no beneficent social revolution could be effected by a struggle in the streets with its tumult and outrage.

A perusal of this excellent biography calls our attention to two anomalies in the scheme of life of William Morris. It is a little difficult to reconcile his positions as capitalist and workman. There is in the book a careful statement of a proposition that Morris and his family should be content to live on a yearly income of £200 ($1000) as the result of a business of a capitalised value of £15,000 ($75,000). The modest moderation of such a proposal is almost touching.

But the Merton manufactory was entirely devoted to the production of beautiful, elaborate and costly work, for which purchasers could only be found in the wealthy middle class that he proposed to abolish. Is it too much to say that had his ideas in Socialism been carried out it would have been impossible to find a market for the admirable products of his workmen's hands? Herein lies another anomaly.

It is by these products that Morris will live in our recollecton. His Socialistic platform utterances will count as nothing in comparison. The movement has not produced, nor will it probably produce, any appreciable result, but William Morris in his art and craft, in his poems, his colours, his weaving and tapestry, his tile painting and wall-papers, and, lastly, in his printing, has left to us and to our descendants a legacy through which his name will long be remembered with honour in that he redeemed the shame of ugliness of the early Victorian era, and set up a standard of excellence both in design and workmanship that must always remain as an instructive and abiding example to future effort.

We cannot close this notice without words of praise for Mr. New's admirable illustrations. The highest encomium that can be passed upon them is that we feel sure that they would have met with the approval of William Morris himself.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

So many letters are on our files that, contrary to our custom, we shall have to keep the Letter-Box open all through the summer months, and even then we fear that the patience of many correspondents will be tried by our tardiness in answering them. It should be remembered always that the space devoted to the Box in each number is necessarily limited, and that we select for reply each time such letters as afford a variety of subjects.

We ought to explain, in self-defence, that letters sometimes end with such a sentence as this: "Now, don't refer me to some back number of your magazine for the answer to my question." This is rather unfair. Must we go on explaining a point over and over again just because a correspondent does not happen to be a subscriber, and therefore has not seen what we have already said upon the subject? In other words, must our regular readers be bored by repetitions for the convenience of a casual purchaser of the magazine? We think not; and so we shall go on as before, making references to our former answers whenever it is simpler and easier to do so. Now we must get to work.

I.

A Washington correspondent asks us to give him our personal opinion of the relative rank in literature of the following novelists—Dickens, Thackeray, Balzac, Dumas, Scott, Hugo. We cheerfully comply and give the following arrangement as expressing our critical judgment:

1. Balzac.
2. Scott.
3. Thackeray.
4. Dickens.
5. Dumas.
6. Hugo.

II.

A lady in Portland, Oregon, asks us to state what we regard as the best short poem that has been written during the past ten years. We say, Kipling's *Vampire*. Some may wonder why we prefer it to his *Recessional*, but the reason ought to be clear. The *Recessional* is in its theme limited to a particular people and a particular occasion, while the *Vampire* is a bit of eternal and universal truth written by a pen of iron dipped in vitriol. There seems to be a general disposition among our readers to ask Kipling questions. Here is another correspondent who, writing from Buffalo, inquires whether we think "The Brushwood Boy," by Kipling, the best short story that we can call to mind. "Please name a better one," he adds. That is easy enough, without going beyond Kipling's own writings—for instance, "Without Benefit of Clergy" and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." This same gentleman rather irrelevantly propounds another question:

Do you really think that the answers in the famous "Side Talks with Girls" in the *Ladies' Home Journal* are replies to subscribers' queries?

Yes; why not?

III.

From Pueblo, New Mexico, comes a letter asking us about the conventional sentence: "Enclosed please find —— dollars in payment for," etc. The writer of the letter asks first of all whether "enclosed" or "inclosed" is the better form, and why one should say "*please* find." As to the first point we answer that "inclosed" is etymologically preferable, while "enclosed" is adopted by the Enlightened. As to "please find," it is simply a bit of stereotyped courtesy, the "please" being used to soften the peremptory tone of the imperative "find."

IV.

A gentleman who has to do with the purchasing of books for the library of a society of which most of the members are adults, tells us that

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It is maintained by the majority of the present committee that a book which may not be read and freely circulated in the family is not fit for our library.

The gentleman rightly considers this a very narrow standard. We are as zealous as any one for the most severe restriction upon children's reading, but adults who need to be shut out from access to all books that are not suitable for children, and who object to Kipling's *Seven Seas* (our correspondent gives this as an instance) ought never to go out of doors except in a perambulator and in charge of a dry-nurse.

V.

We have cheerfully printed so many uncomplimentary things about ourselves and the Letter-Box in general, as perhaps to secure a pardon in advance from our readers for quoting the beginning of a letter of seven pages that has come to us from St. Paul, Minnesota. It has a wind-swept, prairie atmosphere about its style, and we beam complacently as we quote from it:

In the current issue you tell us of some one who has requested you to "go to the devil with your conceit," etc. I for one want to say that when you take your departure so does THE BOOKMAN—for aught I care. . . . Your "conceit" is the most refreshing thing in all current literature—to *me*. And of all the "damned literary fellers" in the country you are the only one that has *not* got the swelled head. . . . You know your business, and you answer fool questions wittily but kindly always. . . . You are all right, and you have leave to rap *me* gently and after your own peculiar fashion whenever I give you the opportunity. . . . Don't go to the devil, I pray you.

Next, our correspondent complains that Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, in her story "The Senior Wrangler," which we published some time ago, left untranslated a bit of French upon the meaning of which the whole story turns. Then comes this paragraph, which will amuse Mrs. Meyer, whom our correspondent elsewhere calls "Miss Annie":

The result was that I read the story with the same pleasure that I do in a newspaper one of those thrilling narratives that end in "Warner's Safe Cure" or "Paine's Celery Compound." I have paid my time and money to see the show, and am not allowed to see it. I have been gold-bricked. . . . Break it gently to her that only 'steen out of the umpty-hundred-and-umph readers of the story that I have taken the pains to interview had the faintest or remotest idea of what her French quotations meant. . . . And tell her, too, that . . . all the rest of the "damned literary fellers" are in the same boat as she—incapable of understanding and appreciating the comfort and enjoyment of the mob that *pays*, that keeps the ball rolling, that furnishes the foundation for things, the supplies for the alimentary canal.

There are five or six more pages of this—a fact which seems to show that the writer is earnest, that he feels deeply, that he is wrought up, as it were. All of which we regard as a tribute to "Miss Annie's" literary skill, whereby the reader who had no French was so tantalised by his inability to get the exact point of her interesting story.

VI.

A Chicago lady tells us that her father has been fleering at us for using the word "mentality," which he stigmatises as "slang." Well, "mentality" is a comparatively new word and one of American coinage, but it is useful, it is scientifically formed, and it appears to have as good a right to exist as "intellectuality" and "individuality." So we think that we shall go right on using it, with apologies to the lady's esteemed father.

VII.

Several correspondents have been finding fault with THE BOOKMAN'S proof-reading. We acknowledge the receipt of these complaints right here, so that the proof-reader when he comes across this paragraph will know of them officially and will sit down and think hard for several minutes.

VIII.

"A. B. C." asks:

Is there any way of distinguishing the first edition of a book from its succeeding editions? Also, is there any way of distinguishing the issue?

There is no way of distinguishing the different editions except when the publishers indicate on the title-page the fact of its being a later edition—as they ought

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to do, but generally don't. We fail to comprehend the meaning of the second question.

IX.

"A Prairie Weed," referring to something that we wrote not long ago about the abbreviation Xmas for Christmas, as to the X representing the initial *chi* of the Greek word for Christ, suggests that the X is really the algebraic *x*, and quotes Emerson's aphorism to the effect that "God is the *x* of algebra." Our correspondent says:

As *x* is the beginning and ending of all algebraic problems—the unknown and sought-for quantity that, when found, solves the problem—so is Christ the true beginning and ending of life's problems, all things being made clear when He is found and understood.

We think that this is ingenious, but rather fanciful.

X.

Some time ago Miss Carolyn Wells asked us to suggest a word that should describe a metrical composition which is not quite worthy of being called a poem, and yet not wholly without merit—"verse" being too general and indefinite. We laid the problem before our readers and gave them plenty of time to turn the subject over in their minds before replying. Now the answers are probably all in. They are not very numerous and some of them are not very serious, but we summarise them for the benefit of Miss Wells and of the public generally.

A student in the University Law School of this city says that if the thing for which Miss Wells desires a name is not properly just verse, then it is probably the reverse, and he suggests that this be taken as a good descriptive title. Thus one would say, "Mr. J. Gordon Coogler has written some very good reverse." We think that this might lead to ambiguity when the plural form is used. If we were to announce in Chronicle and Comment that "Mr. Bliss Carman has made a book of his reverses," would it not be taken to mean that Mr. Carman had been in hard luck of late and was going to turn his misfortunes into "copy"?

When we set our readers to work on this problem we thought and said that we were temporarily at least diverting them from their persistent efforts to render us unhappy, but we were wrong. Here is a gruff person in Philadelphia who cannot even consider Miss Wells's request without giving us a whack with his sand-bag. Notice the abruptness of his epistolary style:

BOOKMAN:

Why not call the *thing* described by Carolyn Wells as *Rot*. It will be the same *thing* any way you take it. And I may say it will also describe the poems published by *you*.

Well, well! We creep timidly and with a sense of relief to the next communication. It is from Bluffton, Indiana, and proposes the term "versicle." Another suggestion is "daintrel." That is rather good as a word, but isn't it just a bit namby-pamby in its sound and implication? A Canadian subscriber residing in Dunnelle, Ontario, coins the impossible word "rhymody." An unsigned letter objects to the manufacture of a new term, but thinks that "stuff" is good enough with "rubbish" as a convenient synonym. If this doesn't suit, "froth" and "foam" are given as being prettier. A lady in Sewaren, New Jersey, also protests against any novel term, and regards "light verse" as adequate. A Minneapolis correspondent advocates the claims of "lyrette" or "versette," and remarks that Milton employs the form "verset." Finally a (to us) mysterious suggestion is made by a Denver physician, who says that "coghlan" is just the word that Miss Wells is seeking. We wonder just what this means. It has a Celtic look, and perhaps it is all right, but we cautiously wait for some further explanation before committing ourselves.

Well! These are all the answers that have come to us. We lay them respectfully at the feet of Miss Carolyn Wells, for her comment or criticism or selection. We have endeavoured to serve her, and we thank her for giving us an opportunity to express in however small a way our profound esteem and admiration.

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THE LORE OF LOVE

I.

When do I love thee? When the brooklets run
Through dandelion meadows of the June;
When horns of huntsmen greet the harvest moon,
And mellow Autumn's vintaging is done;
When Spring's triumphant marches have begun,
When Winter winds through haggard branches croon;
At solemn midnight and at silvery noon,
At blush of morning and at set of sun.
Thy youthful splendour unto me is dear,
But I shall love thee still when youth flits by;
I love thee when thine eyes know not a tear,
And love thee when disaster hovers nigh;
My soul shall crave thee when the Dark draws near,
And still be loyal through eternity.

II.

How do I love thee? As the slender lyre
Thrills with emotion when the breezes blow;
As roses love the morning's golden glow,
As dewy stars the dusky night desire;
As eagles to the heaven of heavens aspire,
As doves dream fondly, breast to breast below;
As Arctic pines love everlasting snow,
And tropic palms love everlasting fire.
I love thee as the victor loves his wreath,
The peasant loves his cottage, free from strife;
I love thee as mortality loves breath,
The shepherd boy his harp and flute and fife;
As disappointed Hope loves welcome Death,
As human souls love everlasting life.

III.

Why do I love thee? Ask the artist there
Why does he love fair faces that he paints;
Ask of the poet why his spirit faints
Before his heroines of the golden hair;
Ask of the singer, why his sweet despair,
His glorious gladness, his melodious plaints;
Ask the young priest, before his haloed saints
To lay the secret of his worship bare.
I love thee; for I long to soar from sod,
And tread in glory of celestial grace;
To live beyond the time my grave is trod,
Proving a crown prince of immortal race;
To emulate beatitudes of God,
To reach His kingdom, and behold His face.

Walter Malone.

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JANICE MEREDITH*

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

XX.

THE EBB-TIDE.

Clowes lingered behind for a brief moment after the departure of Howe, in pretended desire to advise Mr. Meredith concerning the British policy about provisions and forage, but in truth to say a word of warning which proved that he already regretted having secured for his commander-in-chief the *entrée* of Greenwood.

"I heard Sir William say he'd bide with ye on his return from Philadelphia," the commissary told the squire in parting. "Have an eye to your girl, if he does. Though a married man, his Excellency is led off by every lacing-string that comes within reach."

The master of Greenwood privately thought that the precautionary advice as to his daughter might come with better grace from some other source, but both guest and host, for reasons best known to each, had tacitly agreed to ignore the past, and so the squire thanked his counsellor.

"You'll not forget to seek out my horses!" he added, when the commissary picked up his bridle.

"Assuredly not," promised Clowes. "How many didst say ye lost?"

"Two. All the Whig thieves left to me of the nine I had."

"Fudge, man! Say nothing of the Whig thieves, but lay them all to our account. We've plunderers in plenty in our own force, let alone the dirty pigs of Hessians, and King George shall pay for the whole nine."

"Nay, Lord Clowes, because I've been robbed I'll not turn—" began the squire.

"What is more," went on the benevolently inclined officer, "I will tell ye something that will be worth many a pound. 'Twas decided betwixt Sir William and myself that we should seize all provisions and fodder throughout the province. But I need scarce say—"

"Surely, man, thou wilt do nothing as crazy as that," burst out Mr. Meredith. "Dost not see that it will make an enemy of every man from one end—"

"Which they are already," interrupted Clowes in turn. "'Tis our method of bringing punishment home to the scamps. We'll teach them what rebellion comes to ere we have finished with them. But, of course, such order does not extend to my personal friends, and if ye have any fodder or corn, or anything else thou canst spare, I will see to it that his Majesty buys it at prices that will more than make good to ye what ye lost through the rebels."

The squire made a motion of dissent. "The Whig rascals have swept my barn and storehouses so clean that I'll have to buy for my own needs, and—"

"Then buy what ye can hereabout before we begin seizing, and see to it that ye buy a good surplus which ye can sell to us at a handsome advance. Our good king is a good paymaster, and I'll show ye what it is to have a friend in the commissariat." With this Evatt put spurs to his horse, confident that he had more than offset any prejudice against him that might still exist in Mr. Meredith's mind. None the less, that individual stood for some moments on the porch with knitted brows, gazing after the departing horseman, and when he finally turned to go into the house he gave a shake to his head that seemed to express dissatisfaction.

Although Mr. Meredith did not act upon the commissary's suggestion in securing a supply of provisions, there was quickly no lack of food or forage at Greenwood. From the moment that Brunswick was occupied by the British every one of Mr. Meredith's tenants, who for varying periods had refused to pay rent, adopted a different course and wholly or in part settled up the arrears owing. Most of them first endeavoured to liquidate the claim in the Continental currency, now depreciated through the desperation of the American cause to a point that made it scarcely worth the paper on which its pseudo-value was stamped. The squire, however, with many a jeer and

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flout at each would-be payer for his folly in having taken the money, and his still greater foolishness in expecting to pay rent on leaseholds with it, declined to accept it. His refusal of each tender, which indeed had been expected, was usually followed by a second offer of payment in the form of fodder or provisions, or "in kind," as the leases then expressed it, and the moment the rumour went through the community that the British were forcibly seizing provisions every farmer hastened to save his entire surplus by paying it to his landlord.

Nothing better proved the hopeless outlook of the American cause than the conduct of Esquire Hennion, for that worthy rode to Greenwood, and after a vain attempt, like that of the tenants, to pay in the worthless paper money the arrears of interest on his mortgages, with a like refusal by Mr. Meredith, he completely broke down, and with snivels and wails besought his "dear old friend" to be lenient and forbearing. "I made a mistake, squire," he pleaded, "but I allus liked yer, and Phil he likes yer, and naow ye're too ginerous ter push things too far, I know."

"Huh!" grunted the creditor. "I said I'd make ye cry small, ye old trimmer. No, I won't push ye too far! I'll only turn ye out of Boxely and let ye be farmed on the town as a pauper. If I had the dealing with ye, ye'd be in the provost prison at York awaiting trial as a traitor. And my generosity would run to just six feet of rope."

Of the tide of war only vague rumours came back to the non-combatants, until at noon, a week later, Sir William, accompanied by two aides and an escort of dragoons, came cantering up.

"In the king's name, dinner!" he cried cheerily, as he shook the welcoming hand of the squire. "You see, Mr. Meredith, we've forgot neither thy loyalty nor thy Madeira. No, nor thy dainty lass, either—and so we are here again to levy taxation without representation on them all. 'Tis to be hoped, Mrs. Meredith, that 'twill be met more kindly than our Parliamentary attempt at the same game. Ah, Miss Janice, thy face is a pleasant sight to look at after the bleak banks of the Delaware, at which we've been staring and cursing for the last five days."

"We hoped to hear of ye as in Philadelphia before this, Sir William," said the squire, so soon as they were seated at the table.

"Ay, and so did we all; but Mr. Washington was too quick and sharp for us. By the time we had reached Trenton, he had got safely across the river, and had taken with him or destroyed all the boats."

"Could ye not have forded the river higher up?"

"Cornwallis was hot for attempting something of the sort, but sight of the ice-floes in the river served to cool him, so he is going into winter quarters and will not stir from his cantonments until spring, unless the river freeze strong enough for him to cross on the ice."

"And what of the rebels?"

"'Tis sudden gone so out of fashion there is scarce one left. Washington has a few ragged troops watching us from across the river; but, except for these, there's not a man in the land who will own himself one. How many pardons have we issued in the Jerseys alone, Henry?" demanded the general, appealing to his secretary.

"Nigh six thousand, and at Trenton and Burlington, Mr. Meredith, the people are flocking in in such numbers that over four hundred took the king's oath yesterday," responded McKenzie.

"That shows how the wind holds, and what a summer's squall the whole thing has been," answered the host gleefully; "I always said 'twas a big windy bubble, that needed but the prick of British bayonets to collapse."

"There'll be little left of it by spring, I doubt not," asserted Howe. "In faith, we may take it as a providence that we could not cross the Delaware, for a three months will probably put an end to all armed opposition, and we may march into Pennsylvania with beating drums and flying colours. Even Cornwallis himself confesses that time is playing our game."

"Miss Meredith will be put to't to find a new toast," suggested Balfour.

"Well spoke," laughed his superior. "What will it be, fair rebel?"

"However," retorted Janice.

"Bravo!" vociferated the general. "Now indeed rebellion is on its last legs. You make me regret I can tarry, but the meal, for when submission is so near 'tis a pity not to stay and complete it."

"Was that why you left the Delaware, your Excellency?" asked Janice archly.

The colour came flushing into Howe's cheeks, while both father and mother spoke sharply to the girl for her boldness and impertinence. But in a moment the general's good-nature was once more in the ascendant, and he interfered to save her from the scolding. "Nay, nay," he interjected. "'Twas but

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a proper retort to my teasing. I left the Delaware, Miss Janice, because the Brune frigate sails for England in three days, and there are despatches to be writ and sent by her. And for the same reason I can tarry here but another hour, much as I should like to stay. Mr. Meredith, 'tis a man's duty to aid a creditor to pay his debts. May I not hope to see you and Mrs. Meredith and Miss Janice at headquarters erelong? For if you come not willingly, I'll put Miss Janice under arrest as an arrant and avowed rebel, and have her brought to York under guard."

The departure of these guests gave but a brief quiet to the household, for two days later, at dusk, Clowes rode up, and his coming was welcomed all the more warmly, that his escort of half a dozen dragoons led with them Joggles and Jumper.

"Have in, have in, man," cried the host genially, "to where there's a fire and something to warm thy vitals."

"Curse thy climate!" ejaculated the newcomer as he stamped and shook himself in the hallway, to rid his shoulders and boots of their burden of snow. "The storm came on after we started; and six hours it's took us to ride from Princeton, while the wind blew so I feared the cattle would founder. But here's warmth enough to make up for the weather," he added, as he entered the parlour, all aglow with the light of the great blazing logs, and of the brush-wood and corn-cobs that Janice had thrown on their top when the horses had first been heard at the door. He shook Mrs. Meredith's hand, and then extended his own to Janice, only to have it ignored by her. In spite of this, and of an erect attitude, meant to express both distance and haughtiness, her flushed cheeks, and eyes that looked everywhere except into those of the visitor, proved that the girl was not as unmoved as she wished to appear.

"Where are thy manners, Jan?" reproved the father, who, having declared an amnesty as regarded the past, forgot that his daughter might not be equally forgiving.

"Give Mr.—Lord Clowes thy hand, child," commanded her mother sternly, "and place a seat for him by the fire."

Janice pulled one of the chairs nearer to the chimney breast, and then returned to the quilting-frame, at which she had been working when the interruption came.

"Didst hear me?" demanded Mrs. Meredith.

Janice turned and faced the three bravely, though her voice trembled a little as she replied: "I will not shake his hand."

"Yoicks! Here's a kettle of fish!" ejaculated the commissary. "What's wrong?"

"Janice, do as thou art told, or go to thy room," ordered the mother.

The girl opened her lips as if about to protest, but courage failed her, and she hurriedly left the parlour, and, flying to her room, she threw herself on the bed and wept out her sense of wrong on her pillow.

"I never would have, if he hadn't—and it wasn't I asked him to the house—and he took a mean advantage—and he wasn't scolded for it, nor shamed to all the people—and now they show him every honour, though he—though for a year it was held up to me."

Presently the girl became conscious of the clatter of knives and forks on plates in the room beneath her, and of an accompaniment of cheerful voices and laughter. Far from lessening her woe, they only served to intensify it, till finally she rose in a kind of desperation, wishing only to escape from the merry sounds. "I'll go and see Clarion and Joggles and Jumper," she thought. "They love me, and—and they don't punish me when others are to blame."

Not choosing to pass through the kitchen, where the dragoons would probably be sitting, she stole out of the front door, without wrap or calashe, and in an instant was almost swept off her feet and nearly blinded by the rush of wind and snow. Heeding neither, nor the instant wetting of her slippered feet, she struggled on through the waxing drifts to the stable door. With a sigh of relief that the goal was attained, she passed through the partly opened doorway and paused at last, breathless from her exertion.

On the instant she caught her breath, however, and then demanded, "Who's there?" A whinny from Joggles was the only response. Taking no heed of the horse's greeting, Janice stood, listening intently for a repetition of the sound that had alarmed her. "I heard you," she continued, after a moment. Then she gave a little cry of fright, which was scarcely uttered when it was succeeded by a half-sob and half-exclamation of mingled joy and relief. "Oh, Clarion!" she exclaimed, "you gave me such a turn, with your cold nose. And what was mommy's darling doing with the harness? I thought some one was here."

Again Joggles whinnied, and, her fright entirely gone, Janice walked to his stall. "Was my precious glad to get back?" she asked, patting him on the back as she went into the stall. "Why, my poor dear! Did Thomas go to his supper without even taking his saddle off?

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Well, he should—and his bridle, too, so that he couldn't eat his hay! 'Twas a shame and—" Once again Janice uttered an exclamation of fright, as her fingers, moving blindly forward in search of the buckle, came in contact with some cloth, under which she felt a man's arm. Nor was her fright lessened, though she did not scream, when instantly her arm in turn was seized firmly. The unknown peril is always the most terrifying.

"I did not want to frighten you, Miss Janice—" began the interloper.

"Charles!" ejaculated the girl. "I mean, Colonel Brereton."

"I thought you'd scarcely come into the stall, and hoped to get away undiscovered."

"But what are you—I thought you were across— How did you get here?"

"I had business to the northward," explained the officer, "and meant to have been in Bound Brook by this time. But the cursed snow came on, and, not having travelled the westerly roads, I thought best to keep to those with which I was familiar, though knowing full well that I ran the risk of landing in the arms of the British. Fortunately their troops are no fonder of facing our American weather than our American riflemen, and tucked themselves within doors, leaving it to us—" There the aide checked his flow of words.

"But why did you come here?"

Brereton laughed. "Does not a runaway servant always turn horse thief? My mare has covered near forty miles to-day, the last ten of it in the face of this storm, and so I left her at the Van Meter barn, and thought to borrow Joggles to ride on to Morristown to do the rest." Colonel Brereton's hand, which had continued on the girl's arm, relaxed its firm hold, and slipped down till it held her fingers. "And then, I—I wanted word of you, for the stories of Hessian doings that come to us are enough to make any man anxious." Janice felt his lips on her hand. "All is well with you?" he asked eagerly, after the caress.

Janice, forgetful of her recent woe, answered in the affirmative, as she tried to draw herself away. Her attempt only led to the man's hand on hers tightening its grip. "I can't let you go, Miss Janice, till you give me your word not to speak of this meeting. They could scarce catch me such a night, but my mission is too vital to take any risks."

"I promise," acceded Janice readily.

Brereton let go her hand at once, and his fingers rattled the bit, as he hastily completed the buckling the girl's entrance had interrupted. "If I never return, you will claim your namesake, my mare, Miss Janice," he suggested, as he backed Joggles out of the stall. "And treat her well, I beg you. She's the one thing that has any love for me. God knows if I ever see her again."

Forgetting that Brereton could not see her, Janice nodded her head. "You are going for good?" she asked.

"I fear for anything but that! For good or bad, however, I must ride my thirty miles to-night."

"Thirty miles!" cried Janice, with a shiver. "And your hands are dreadfully cold, and your teeth chatter."

"'Tis only the chill of inaction after hard and hungry riding. Ten minutes of cantering will set the blood jumping again."

"Can't you wait a moment while I get something for you to eat?" besought the girl.

"Bless you for the thought," replied the aide, with a little husk in his voice. "But my mission is too important to risk delay, much more the nearness of yon dragoons."

"For what are you going?" questioned Janice.

"To order—to get the dice for the last desperate main."

"General Washington is going to try—?"

"Ay. Ah, Miss Janice, they have beaten our troops, but they've still to beat our general, and if I can but make Lee—I must not linger. Wilt give me a good-by and Godspeed to warm me on the ride?"

"Both," answered Janice, holding out her hand, which the officer once again stooped and kissed. "And to-night I'll pray for his Excellency."

Brereton shoved open the door wide enough for the horse to pass through. "And not for his Excellency's aide?" he asked.

Janice laughed a little shyly as she replied: "Dost not the greater always include the lesser?"

Barely were the words spoken, when a sound from the outside reached them, making both start and listen intently. It needed but an instant's attention to resolve the approaching noise into the jingle of bits and sabres.

"Hist!" whispered the officer warningly. "Cavalry." He threw back the holster-flap of the saddle to free a pistol, and, grasping his scabbard to prevent it from clanking, he stepped through the doorway, leading Joggles by the bridle.

"Ho, there!" came a voice out of the driving snow. "We've lost sight and road. Which way is't to Greenwood?"

Brereton put foot in the stirrup and swung

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into the saddle. "Away to the right," he responded, as he softly drew his sabre, and slipped the empty scabbard between his thigh and the saddle. Gathering up the reins, he wheeled Joggles to the left.

"Can't ye give us some guidance, whoever ye be?" asked the voice, now much nearer, while the sound of horses' breathing and the murmur of men's voices proved that a considerable party were struggling through the deepening snow. "Where are you, anyway?"

Brereton touched Joggles with the spur gently, and the steed moved forward. Not five steps had been taken before the horse shied slightly to avoid collision with another, and, in doing so, he gave a neigh.

"Here's the fellow, Hennion," spoke up a rider. "Now we'll be stabled quick enough." He reached out and caught at the bridle.

There was a swishing sound, as Brereton swung his sword aloft and brought it down on the extended arm. Using what remained of the momentum of the stroke, the aide let the flat of the weapon fall sharply on Joggles's flank; the horse bounded forward, and, in a dozen strides, had passed through the disordered troop.

A shrill cry of pain came from the officer, followed by a dozen exclamations and oaths from the troopers, and then a sharp order, "Catch or kill him!"

"Ha, Joggles, old boy," chuckled his rider, "there's not much chance of our being cold yet a while. But we know the roads, and we'll show them a trick or two if they'll but stick to us long enough."

Bang! Bang! Bang! went some horse-pistols.

"Shoot away!" jeered the aide softly, though he leaned low in the saddle as he wheeled through the small opening in the hedge and galloped over the garden beds. "'Tis only British dragoons who'd blindly waste lead on a northeaster. 'Tis lucky the snow took no offence at my curses of it an hour ago."

CHAPTER XXI.

ON CONTINENTAL SERVICE.

Once across the garden, the aide rode boldly, trusting to the snow overhead to hide his doings and the snow underfoot to keep them silent. Turning northward, he kept Joggles galloping for five minutes; then confident that his pursuers had been distanced, or misled, he varied the pace, letting the horse walk where the snow was drifted, but forcing him to his best speed where the road was blown clear.

"We know the route up to Middlebrook, Joggles, but after that we get into the hills, and blindman's work 'twill be for the two of us. So 'tis now we must make our time, if we are to be in Morristown by morning."

The rider spoke truly, for it was already six o'clock when he reached the cross-roads at Baskinridge. Halting his horse at the guide-post, he drew his sword and struck the cross-piece a blow, to clear it of its burden of snow.

"Morristown, eight miles," he read in the dark greyness of approaching day. "Hast go enough in thee left to do it, old fellow? Damn Lee for his tardiness and folly, which forces man and beast to journey in such cold." Pulling a flask from his pocket, he uncorked it. "There's scarce a drop left, but thou shouldst have half, if it would serve thee," he said as he put it to his lips and drained it dry: "'Tis the last I have, and eight miles of Lee way still to do!" He laughed at his own pun, and pricked up the horse. Just as the weary animal broke into a trot the rider pulled rein once more and looked up at a signboard which had attracted his notice by giving a discordant creak as the now dying storm swung it.

"A tavern! Here's luck, for at least we can get some more rum." Spurring the horse up to the door, he pulled a pistol from its holster and pounded the panel noisily.

It required more than one repetition of the blows to rouse an indweller, but finally a window was enough raised to permit the thrusting out of a becapped head.

"Who's below, and what do yez want?" it challenged gruffly.

"Never mind who I am. I want a pint of the best spirits you have, and a chance to warm myself for a ten minutes, if you've a spark of fire within."

"Oi've nothing for anny wan who comes routing me out ave bed at such an hour, an' may the devil fly off wid yez for that same," growled the man. "Go away wid yez, an' niver let me see yez more."

The head was already drawn in, when Brereton, with quick readiness, called lustily: "Do as I order, or I'll have my troopers break in the door, and then look to yourself."

"Just wan minute, colonel," cried the man, in a very different tone, and in less than the time asked for the bolts were slipped back and the door was opened by a figure wrapped in a quilt, which one hand drew about him, while the other held a tallow dip aloft.

In the brief moment it took to do this, the officer not so much dismounted as tumbled from his horse, and he now walked stiffly into

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the public room, stamping his feet to lessen their numbness.

"Where's thim troopers yez was talkin' ave?" questioned the landlord, peering out into the night.

"Throw some wood on those embers, and give me a drink of something quickly," ordered Brereton, paying no heed to the inquiry.

"Bad cess to yez lies," retorted the man, shutting the door. "It's not wan bit ave firing or drink yez get this night from— Oh, mother in hivin, don't shoot, an' yez honour shall have the best in the house, an' a blessin' along wid it! Only just point it somewheer else, darlin', for thim horse-pistols is cruel fond ave goin' off widout bein' fired. Thank yez, sir, it's my wife in bed will bless the day yez was born." The man hastily raked open the bed of ashes and threw chips and billets on the embers. Then he unlocked a corner cupboard. "Oi've New England rum, corn whiskey, and home-made apple-jack, sir."

"Give me the latter, and if you've any food, let me have it. Brrrew! From nigh Brunswick I've rid since nine last night and thought to perish a dozen times with the cold, dismount and run beside my horse as I would."

"Drop that pistol, or I shoot!" came a sharp order, spoken from the gloom of a doorway across the room. "You are a prisoner."

Brereton had been stooping over the fire, as it gained fresh life, but with one spring he was behind the chimney breast.

"'Tis idle to resist," persisted the hidden speaker. "The way is barred in both directions, and there are three of us."

Brereton laughed recklessly. "Come on, most courageous three. "I've a bullet for one, and a sword for two."

"Howly hivin! just let me out first off," besought the publican.

"If I had lead to spare, you should have the first of it, for letting me into this trap," Brereton told him viciously. "Why did you not warn me there were British hereabout?"

"Hold!" came the distant voice. "If you think us British, who are you?"

The officer hesitated, pondering on the possibility of being tricked, or of possibly tricking.

"An aide of General Washington, riding on public service," he finally replied.

"Time enough it took you to know it. And if so, what were you doing near Brunswick?"

"I took the route I knew best."

"Thy name is?"

"Jack Brereton."

"Art thou a green-eyed, carrot-faced put, who frights all the women?" cried the man, entering.

Brereton laughed as he stepped out from the sheltering projection. "Switch you, whoever you are, for keeping me from the fire when I am chilled to the marrow. Why, Eustace, this is luck beyond belief! But hast swallowed a frog? You croak so that I knew you not."

"Not I," responded the newcomer, shaking his fellow-officer's hand, "but I swallowed enough of yesterday's storm to spoil my voice, let alone this creeping out of bed in shirt only, to catch some malignant Tory or spy of King George."

"Where are thy comrades?" inquired Brereton, peering past the major.

Eustace laughed. "They're making acquaintance with thy troop of horse."

"But what art thou doing here in this lonely hostel, with a British force no farther away than Springfield? Dost court capture?"

"Just what I told the general when he said he'd bide here till—"

"The general!" interrupted Brereton. "Is Lee here—in this tavern?"

"Ay. And sleeping through all the rout you made as sound—"

"'Tis madness! However, I'll not throw blame, for it has saved me eight miles of weary riding. Wake him at once, as I must have word with him. And you, landlord, stable my horse, and see to it that he has both hay and oats in plenty."

There was some delay before Eustace returned with the word that the major-general would see the aide, and with what ill grace the interview was granted was shown by the reception, for on Brereton being ushered into the room, it was to find Lee still in bed, and so far under the counterpane that only the end of a high-coloured but very much soiled nightcap was in view, while on the top of the covering lay two dogs, who rose with the entrance of the interloper.

"Who the devil are ye? why the devil did ye have me waked? and what the devil do ye want?" was the greeting, grumbled from the bedclothes.

Brereton flushed as he answered sharply: "Eustace has no doubt told you who I am, and letters from his Excellency must have already broke the purport of my mission. Finding you paid no heed to his written orders, he has sent me with verbal ones, trusting your hearing may not be as seriously defective as your eyesight."

The head of the general appeared, as he sat

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up in bed. "Is this a message from General Washington?" he vociferated.

"No. 'Tis my own soft speaking, in recognition of your complaisant welcome. But I bear a message of his Excellency. He directs that you march the entire force under you, without delay, by way of Bethlehem and Easton, and effect a junction with him."

"To what end?"

"The British think us so bad beat, and are so desirous to hold a big territory, for purposes of forage and plunder, that they have scattered their troops beyond supporting distance. Can we but get a force together sufficient to attack Burlington, Trenton, or Princeton, 'twill be possible to beat them in detail."

"I have a better project than that," asserted Lee. "Let Washington but make a show of activity on the Delaware, and he shall hear of my doings shortly."

"But what better can be done than to drive them back from a country rich with food supplies, relieve the dread of their advancing upon Philadelphia, and give the people a chance to rally to us?" protested the aide.

"Pooh!" scoffed Lee. "'Tis pretty to talk of, but 'tis another thing to bring it off, and I make small doubt that 'twill be no more successful than the damned ingenious manœuvres of Brooklyn and Fort Washington, which have unhinged the goodly fabric we had been building. I tell you we shall be in a declension till a tobacco-hoeing Virginian, who was put into power by a trick, and who has been puffed up to the people as a great man ever since, is shown to be most damnably weak and deficient. He's had his chance and failed; now 'tis for me to repair the damage he's done."

Brereton clinched his fist and scowled. "Do I understand that you refuse to obey the positive orders of his Excellency?"

"'Tis necessary in detachment to allow some discretion to the commanding officer. However, I'll think on it after I've finished the sleep you've tried to steal." The general dropped back on the pillows, and drew up the bedclothes so as to cover his nose.

The aide, muttering an oath, stamped noisily out of the room, slamming the door with a bang that rattled every window in the house.

"I read failure in your face," remarked Eustace, still crouched before the fire.

"Failure!" snapped the scowling man, as he, too, stooped over the blaze. "Nothing but failure. Here, when the people have been driven frantic by the outraging of their women, and the plundering of their property, and want but the smallest encouragement to rise, one man dishes all our hopes by his cursed ambition and disobedience."

"How so?"

Too angry to control himself, even to Lee's aide, Jack continued his tirade. "Ever since the general was put into office his subordinates have been scheming to break him down, and in Congress there has always been a party against him, who, through dislike or incapacity, clog all he advises or asks. With the recent defeats, the plotters have gained courage to speak out their thoughts, and your general goes so far as to refuse to obey orders that would make possible a brilliant stroke, because he knows that 'twould stop this clack against his Excellency. Instead, he would have Washington sit passive and freezing on the Delaware while he steals the honours by some attempted action. And all the while he is writing to his Excellency letters signed 'Yours most affectionately,' or 'God bless you'—cheap substitutes for the three thousand troops he owes us." The aide went to the cupboard and helped himself to the apple-jack. "Canst get me a place to sleep, for God knows I'm tired?"

"Thou shalt have my bed, and welcome to you," offered Eustace, leading the way upstairs. "You'll not mind my getting into my clothes, for 'tis not shirt-tail weather."

"Sixty miles and upward I've come since five o'clock yesterday morning, and I'd agree to sleep under a field-piece in full action." Brereton took off his cap and wig to toss both on the floor, unbuckled his belt, and let his sabre fall noisily; then sitting on the bed, he begged, "Give me a hand with my boots, will you?" Those pulled off, without rising, he rolled over, and, bundling the disarranged bedclothes about him, he was instantly asleep.

It was noon before consciousness returned to the tired body, and only then because the clatter of horses' feet outside waked the sleeper and startled him so that he sprang from the bed to the window. Relieved by the sight of Continental uniforms, Brereton stretched himself as if still weary, and felt certain muscles, to test their various degrees of soreness, muttering complaints as he did so. Throwing aside his jacket, waistcoat and shirt, he took his sword and pried out the crust of ice on the tin milk pail of water that stood on the wash-stand. Swashing the ice-cold water over his face and shoulders, he groaned a curse or two as the chill sent a shiver through him. But as he rubbed himself into a glow, he became less discontented, and when resuming the flannel shirt, he laughed. "Thank a kind God that

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it's as cold to the British as 'tis to us, and there are more of them to suffer." Another moment served to don his outer clothing and boots, and to fit on his wig and sword. His toilet made, he went downstairs, humming cheerily. He turned first to the kitchen door, drawn thither by the smell that greeted his nostrils.

"Canst give a bestarved man a big breakfast and quickly?" he asked the woman.

"Shure, Oi've all Oi can do now," was the surly response. "Wid the general an' his staff, an' his escort, an' thim as is comin' an' goin', an'—"

Brereton came forward. "You'd niver let an Oirishman go hungry," he appealed, putting a brogue on his tongue. "Avick, me darlin', no maid wid such lips but has a kind heart." The officer boldly put his hand under the woman's chin and made as if he would kiss her. Then, as she eluded the threatened blandishment, he continued, "Sure, and do ye call yeself a woman, that ye starve a man all ways to wanst?"

"Ah, go long wid yez freeness and yez blarney," retorted the woman, giving him a shove, though smiling.

"An', darlin'," persisted the unabashed officer, "it's owin' me somethin' ye do, for it was meself saved yez father's life this very morning."

"My father—shure it's dead he's been this—It's my husband yez must be afther spakin' ave."

"He's too old to be that same," flattered Brereton.

"'Tis he, Oi make sure," acknowledged the woman, as she nevertheless set her apron straight and smoothed her hair. "An' how did yez save his loife?"

"Arrah, by not shooting him, as I was sore tempted to do."

The landlady melted completely and laughed. "An' what would yez loike for breakfast?" she asked.

Brereton looked at the provisions spread about. "Just give me four fried eggs wid bacon, an' two ave thim sausages, an' corn bread, wid something hot to drink, an' if that's buckwheat batter in the pan beyant, just cook a dozen cakes or so, for I've a long ride to take an' they do be so staying. Also, if ye can make me up something—ay, cold sausages an' hard-boiled eggs, if ye've nothing else, to take wid me; an' then wan kiss, to keep the heart warm inside ave me, 'tis wan man ye'll have given a glimpse ave hivin."

"Bless us all!" marvelled Eustace, when, twenty minutes later, he entered the kitchen, to learn what delayed the general's lunch. "How came you by such a spread, when it's all any of us can do to get enough to keep life in us? Is't sorcery, man?"

"No, witchery," laughed the aide. "If thy chief were but a woman, John, I'd have Washington reinforced within a two days."

His breakfast finished, the aide secured pen and paper, and wrote a formal order for Lee to march. This done, he sought the general, and, interrupting a consultation he was holding with General Sullivan, he delivered the paper into his hands.

"I ask General Sullivan to witness that I deliver you positive instructions to march your force, to effect a junction with General Washington."

"I've already writ him a letter that will convince him I act for the best," answered Lee, holding out the missive.

The aide took it without a word, saluted, and left the room. Going to the front door, where Joggles already awaited him, he put a Continental bill into the hands of the publican, bade adieu to Eustace, and rode away.

"'Tis as bright a day as 'twas dark a night, old man," he said to the horse, "but it never looked blacker for the cause, and I've had my long ride for nothing. Perhaps, though, there may be pay day coming. She knows that I'm to be at Van Meter's barn to-night. What say you, Joggles? Think you will she be there?"

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME DOINGS BY STEALTH.

The sound of shots outside put a sudden termination to the supper in both the dining-room and kitchen of Greenwood, and served to bring inmates and candles to the front and back doors. Beyond the moment's rush of a body of horsemen past the house, no light on the interruption was obtained, until some of the escort of Evatt were despatched to the stable to learn if all was well with their horses. There they found the fast-dying man stretched on the snow, and just within the doorway lay Janice in a swoon, with Clarion licking her face. Both were carried to the house, and while Mrs. Meredith and the sergeant endeavoured to save the officer by a rude tourniquet, the squire held Janice's head over some feathers which Peg burned in a bed-warmer.

"Did they kill him?" was the first question the girl asked, when the combined stench and suffocation had revived consciousness.

"He's just expiring," her father replied.

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"His arm was struck off above the elbow, and he bleeds like a stuck pig."

Janice staggered up, though somewhat languidly. "May— Did he ask to see me?"

"Not he," she was told. "Come, lass, sit quiet for a bit till thy head is steady, and tell us what 'twas all about."

Janice sank into the chair her father set beside the fire. "He was on some mission for his Excellency," she gasped, "and stopped here to get a fresh horse—that was how I came to know it—and while we were talking we heard the dragoons coming, so he mounted, to escape. Then I heard a cry—oh! such a cry—and the pistols—and—and—that's all I remember."

"Why went he to the stable rather than to the house in the first case?" demanded her father.

Janice looked surprised. "He knew the troopers were here," she explained.

The squire was about to speak, when Evatt's hand on his shoulder checked him. "There's more here than we understand," the latter whispered. "Let me ask the questions." He came to the fire and said:

"Why did he take this route, if he was bearing despatches?"

The first sign of colour came creeping back into the pale cheek of the girl, as she recalled the double motive the aide had given. "Colonel Brereton said he did not know the westerly roads, and so—"

"Colonel Brereton!" rapped out her father. "And what was he doing hereabout? Plague take the scamp that he must be forever returning to worry us."

"How much of a force had he with him?" asked the commissary.

"He was alone," replied Janice.

"Alone!" exclaimed Evatt incredulously; then his face lost its look of surprise. "He came by stealth to see you, eh?"

There was enough truth in the supposition to destroy the last visible signs of the girl's swoon, and she responded, over-eagerly: "I told you he was on a mission for his Excellency, and but stopped here to get a fresh horse."

"Ay, growled the squire, "he steals himself, then steals my crop, and now turns horse thief."

"He was not stealing, dadda," denied Janice. "His own horse was tired, so he left her here and said he'd return Joggles some time to-morrow evening."

Evatt whistled softly, as he and the squire exchanged glances. Just as the former was about to resume his questioning the sound of the front door being violently thrown open gave him pause, and the next instant Phil hurriedly entered the room.

"The troopers at the stable say ye found Captain Boyde. Is he bad hurt?" he demanded.

"To the death," spoke up the squire, for once missing Evatt's attempt to keep him silent. "Has caught Brereton?"

Janice had sprung to her feet and now stood listening, with a half-eager, half-frightened look.

"Brereton!" cried Philemon. "Did he head the party?"

The growing complexity was too much for the patience of the simple-minded owner of Greenwood. "May Belza have us all," he fumed, "if I can see the bottom or even the sides of this criss-cross business. Just tell us a straight tale, lad, if we are not to have the jingle brains."

"'Tis a swingeing bad business," groaned Phil. "Our troop rode over from Princeton ter-day, an' the houses at Brunswick bein' full of soldiers, I tells 'em that we could find quarters here. We wuz gropin' our way when the enemy set upon us, an' in the surprise cuts down the capting, an' captures three of our men."

"Dost mean to say ye let one man kill thy captain and take three of ye prisoners?" scoffed the squire.

"One man!" protested the dragoon. "Think you one man could do that?"

"Janice insists that there was but Brereton—but Charles Fownes, now a rebel colonel."

"You may lay to it there was more than—" Then Philemon wavered, for the sight of the flushed, guilty look on the girl's face gave a new bent to his thoughts. "What was he here for?" he vociferated, growing angrily red as he spoke and striding to the fire. "So he's doin' the Jerry-sneak about yer yet, is he? I tell yer, squire, I won't have it."

"Keep thy blustering and bullying for the mess-room and the tavern, sir," rebuked Evatt sharply, also showing temper. "What camp manners are these to bring into gentlemen's houses and exhibit in the presence of ladies?"

"'Sdeath, sir," retorted Phil hotly, "I take my manners from no man, nor—"

"Hoighty, toighty!" chided Mrs. Meredith, entering. "Is there not wind enough outside but ye must bellow like mad bulls within?"

"Ay," assented the squire, "no quarrelling, gentlemen, for we've other things to set to. Phil, there is no occasion to go off like touchwood; 'tis not as thee thinks. What is true,

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however, is that we've a chance to catch this same rogue of a Brereton, if we but lay heads together."

"Oh, dadda!" expostulated Janice. "You'll not—for I promised him to tell nothing—and never would have spoken had I not been dazed—and thinking him dead. I should die of—"

"Fudge, child!" retorted Mr. Meredith. "We'll have no heroics over a runaway redemptioner who is fighting against our good king. Furthermore, we must know all else he told ye."

"I passed him my promise to keep secret—"

"And of that I am to be judge," admonished the parent. "Dost think thyself of an age to act for thyself? Come! out with it; every word he spake."

"I'll not break my faith," rejoined Janice proudly, her eyes meeting her father's bravely, though the little hands trembled as she spoke, half in fright and half in excitement.

"'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right,'" quoted Mrs. Meredith sternly.

"God never meant for me to lie—and that's what you would have me do."

The squire stepped into the hall, and returned with his riding-whip. "Thou'rt a great girl to be whipped, Janice," he announced, "but if thou'rt not old enough to obey thou'rt not too old for a trouncing. Quickly, now, which wilt thou have?"

"You can kill me, but I'll keep my word," panted the girl, while shaking with fear at her resistance, at the threatened punishment, and still more at the shame of its publicity.

Forgetful of everything in his anger, the squire strode toward his daughter to carry out his threat. Ere he had crossed the room, however, to where she stood, his way was barred by Philemon.

"Look a-here, squire," the officer remonstrated, "I ain't a-goin' ter stand by and see Janice hit, no ways, so if there's any thrashin' ter be done, you've got ter begin on me."

"Out of my way!" roared Mr. Meredith.

Phil folded his arms. "I've said my say," he affirmed, shaking his head obstinately, "and if that ain't enough, I'll quit talkin', and do suthin'."

"The boy's right, Mr. Meredith," assented Evatt. "Nor do we need more of her. Send the girl to bed, and then I'll have something to say."

Reluctantly the squire yielded, and Janice, with glad tears in her eyes, turned and thanked Philemon by a glance that meant far more than any words. Then she went to her room, only to lie for hours staringly awake, listening to the wild whirring and whistling of the wind as she bemoaned her unintentional treachery to the aide, and sought for some method of warning him.

"I must steal away to-morrow to the Van Meter barn at nightfall," was her conclusion, "and wait his coming, to tell him of my—of my mistake, for otherwise he may bring Joggles back and be captured. If I can only do it without being discovered, for dadda—" and the anxious, overwrought, tired girl wept the rest of the sentence into her pillow.

Meantime, in the room below, Evatt unfolded his plan and explained why he had wished the maiden away.

"'Tis obvious thy girl has an interest in this fellow," he surmised, "and so 'tis likely she will try to-morrow evening to see him, or get word to him. Our scheme must therefore be to let her go free, but to see to 't that we know what she's about, and be prepared to advantage ourselves by whatever comes to pass."

The storm ceased before the winter daylight, and with the stir of morning came information concerning the missing dragoons—the body of one was found close to the stable, with a bullet in his back, presumably a chance shot from one of his comrades; a second rode up and reported himself, having in the storm lost his way, and well-nigh his life, which he owed only to the lucky stumbling upon the house of one of the tenants; and Clarion discovered the third, less fortunate than his fellow, frozen stiff within a quarter of a mile of Greenwood.

"'Tis most like that rebel colonel and horse-thief shared the same fate, for 'twas a wild night," remarked Evatt at the breakfast-table. "Howbeit, 'twill be best to have some troops hid in your stable against this evening, for he may have weathered the storm."

The morning meal despatched, Philemon rode over to Brunswick to report the death of his superior to the colonel, as well as to unfold the trap they hoped to spring, and Colonel Harcourt considered the news so material that he accompanied Philemon on his return. After a plentiful justice to the dinner and to the decanters, the four men settled down to whist as the early winter darkness came on, while Mrs. Meredith, in mute protest against the use of the devil's picture cards, left the room, summoned Peg, and in the garret devoted herself to the mysteries of setting up a quilting-frame. As for the dragoons, they sprawled and lounged about the kitchen, playing cards or

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toss, and grumbling at the quantity and quality of the Greenwood brew of small beer, till Sukey was well-nigh desperate.

Had Janice been older and more experienced, the very unguardedness would have aroused her suspicions. To her it seemed, however, but the arrangement of a kind destiny, and not daring to risk a delay till after tea, when conditions might not again so favour her, she left the work she had sat down to in the parlour after dinner, and tiptoeing through the hall, lest she should disturb the card-players in the squire's office, she secured her warmest wrap. Returning to the parlour, she softly raised a window and, slipping out, in another moment was within the concealing hedge-row of box.

Speeding across the garden, the girl crept through a break in the hedge, then, stooping low, she followed a stone wall till the road was reached. No longer in sight of the house, she hurried on boldly, till within sight of the Van Meter farm. She skirted the farm-house at a discreet distance, and stole into the barn. With a glance to assure herself that the mare was still there, and a kindly pat as she passed, she mounted into the mow, where for both prudence and warmth she buried herself deep in the hay. Then it seemed to Janice that hours elapsed, the sole sounds being the contented munching of horses and cattle, varied by the occasional stamp of a hoof.

Suddenly the girl sat up, with a realising sense that she had been asleep, and with no idea for how long. A sound below explained her waking, and as she listened, she made out the noise to be that of harnessing or unharnessing. Creeping as near the edge of the mow as she dared, she peered over, but all was blackness.

"Colonel Brereton?" she finally said.

A moment's silence ensued before she had an answer, though it was eager enough when it came. "Is't you, Miss Janice, and where are you?"

The girl came down the ladder and moved blindly toward the stalls. As she did so, somebody came in contact with her; instantly she was enfolded by a pair of arms, and before she could speak she felt a man's eager lips first on her cheek, and next on her chin.

"Heaven bless you for coming, my darling," whispered Brereton.

Janice struggled to free herself as Brereton tried to caress her the third time. "Don't," she protested. "You—I— How dare you?"

"A pretty question to ask an ardent lover and a desperate man, whose beloved confesses her passion by coming to him!"

"I didn't!" expostulated the girl, as, desperate with mortification, she broke away from the embrace by sheer strength and fled to the other side of the barn. "How dare you think such things of me?"

"Then for what came you?" inquired Jack.

"To warn you."

"Of what?"

"That you must not bring Joggles back, for they—the soldiers—are watching the stable."

"You told them?"

The girl faltered, hating to acknowledge her mistake, now that it was remedied. "If I had, why should I take the risk and the shame of coming here?" she replied.

"Forgive me, Miss Janice, for doubting you, and for my freedom just now. I did—for the moment I thought you like other women. I wanted to think you came to me, even though it cheapened you. And being desperate, I—"

"Why?" questioned the girl.

"I have failed in my mission, thanks to Lee's folly and selfishness. Would to God the troopers who lie in wait for me would go after him! A quick raid would do it, for he lies eight miles from his army, and with no guard worth a thought. There'd be a fine prize, if the British did but know it."

"Thanks for the suggestion," spoke up a deep voice, and at the first word blankets were tossed off two lanterns, followed by a rush of men. For a moment there was a wild hurly-burly, and then Brereton's voice cried, "I yield!"

As the confusion ended as suddenly as it had begun, he added scornfully:

"To treachery!"

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

LIFE, WRITINGS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE BORROW. By William I. Knapp, Ph.D., LL.D. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.00.

Here, then, at last is Professor Knapp's *Life of Borrow.* I have been anxiously looking forward to its publication for nearly a dozen years, and have had some prevision of what it would contain, thanks to the copy sent me of his nine-page article on "George Borrow," from the *Chautauquan* of November, 1887. That little forecast shed a flood of fresh light on a strangely enigmatical career, and the promise held out by it is on the whole fulfilled in these two big, handsome volumes. They are the outcome clearly of much loving and patient research; they have been written "for those who love Borrow"; they are founded on Borrow's correspondence, literary remains, note-books of travel, etc., which Dr. Knapp purchased three years after Borrow's death; and they will surely remain the standard biography. Dr. Knapp was peculiarly qualified for his task as a linguist and a traveller, with a special knowledge of Romany and of Spain; Borrow has been, he tells us, his study for well-nigh half a century. Still, I cannot feel certain that to any one unversed in Borrow's own writings this *Life* may not convey a misleading presentment of Borrow. In *Lavengro* (1851) and *The Romany Rye* (1857) Borrow sketched his first twenty-two years. According to the *Chautauquan* article, both books form "an autobiography, true in every detail"; now, it seems, *Lavengro* is strictly autobiographical, but *The Romany Rye* is a sort of Dantesque ante-room to Hades." I cannot say quite what that means, but clearly it was for Dr. Knapp to determine in this *Life,* once and for all, to the best of his ability, how much of *Lavengro* and its sequel is truth, and how much fancy. He speaks of doing so hereafter in an edition of the two works, in which suppressed passages are to be restored. But he ought to have done so here; for without some such attempt Borrow's character cannot be properly intelligible. As it is, Dr. Knapp completely or almost ignores such vital episodes in Borrow's boyhood and youth as his picking up Erse and Romany and Welsh, and his learning to ride bare-backed on the cob; he neglects to prove, what is easily provable, that Borrow in his own narrative is everlastingly posing, continually exaggerating, and rarely, if ever, trustworthy.

Take the Jew pedlar episode in *Lavengro,* or Borrow's first meeting with Gypsies in the green lane near Norman Cross. How did he come to call the Gypsy woman "mother," or how know that *sap* is Romany for "snake"? The description of Edinburgh Castle is wildly inaccurate. That may be due to mere forgetfulness, but, then, what about David Haggart, who in August, 1813, was only twelve years old, so could never have stood up to the full-grown baker's apprentice? The great stallion, Marshland Shales, was sold at Tombland Fair in 1827, not 1818—Dr. Knapp himself has pointed out that anachronism. According to Mr. Seccombe's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography,* Sir Richard Phillips, the vegetarian publisher, had retired to Brighton in 1823, the year before Borrow came up to London. The author who touched for the good and the evil chance was drawn from Beckford. This has never before been in print, but I have it on the high authority of Borrow's old friend, Mr. William Bodham Donne, who reviewed *Lavengro* in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.* It seems very probable, but, if indeed it was so, for almost everything that fits there is something else that does not. Beckford in 1825 was more than middle-aged, he had then quitted Fonthill, and *Vathek* was written by him before he was twenty-six. One might go on raising a host of similar doubts through all the five volumes of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye,* but a single one more must suffice—the Tractarian movement is introduced fully eight years before Keble had preached his sermon on the National Apostasy. Dr. Knapp himself adduces a good many tokens that Borrow's veracity is not impeccable—his ascription of the "horrors" to Mrs. Herne's poison, his fabulous visits to Kaikhta and China, and his Spanish misstatements which "must not be taken too literally"; how, then, can Dr. Knapp ask us to believe without proof

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that "the Gypsy tramp of May to August, 1825, was in the main authentic"? And one other point there is, which Dr. Knapp ignores, but which he himself has brought back to my memory by quoting an old, old article of mine in the *Academy* for June 13, 1874. I have not a copy of that article, but I know that, in a part of it which Dr. Knapp does not quote, I taxed Borrow with having filched much of his Zincali vocabulary from Dr. Richard Bright's *Travels in Hungary* (1818)—the Bright of disease celebrity. And I think I made out my case.

Yet, after all, what does it signify? It is not as philologist, or traveller, or "wild missionary," or folklorist, or antiquary, that Borrow lives and will live. It is as the master of splendid, strong, simple English, the prose Morland of a vanished roadside life, the realist who, Defoe-like, could make fiction seem truer than fact. To have written the finest fight in the whole world's literature, the fight with the Flaming Tinman, is surely something of an achievement; "there is nothing," quoth Isopel Berners, "like Long Melford for shortness all the world over." Mrs. Pakomovna, and Jasper, and Ursula—there never were quite such Gypsies, more's the pity; the greater should be our gratitude to him who has made them seem possible. And great, too, should be our gratitude to him who has told us so much that is new of their creator. There is but one thing in Dr. Knapp's two volumes that I could have wished suppressed, a suggestion in the first two letters of his Appendix. I think that he still might suppress this in future editions, where also I would prefer to find the Appendix letters, or some of them, inserted in order of date throughout the text. What a beautiful letter that is of Edward FitzGerald's (January 10, 1875), where he speaks of "my own happy home in Regent's Park" eighteen years earlier; there is rather a grim forecast, though, in his 1856 letter to Borrow:

> I must tell you I am come up here on my way to Chichester to be—married! to Miss Barton (of Quaker memory), and our united ages amount to ninety-six!—a dangerous experiment on both sides. She at least brings a fine head and heart to the bargain—worthy of a better market. But it is to be, and I dare say you will honestly wish we may do well.

Borrow's love for his mother comes out pleasantly; but his demands on his wife (she was older and richer than he) for five-pound notes might very well have been left in abeyance. One would like to know more of his "English Gypsy Gospel" (vol. ii., p. 319); perhaps it has turned up with the other Borrow finds at the Bible Society too late for Dr. Knapp's volumes. Borde's Romany specimens can hardly have been known to Borrow in 1840; and why is Mousehold Heath described as "resonant of the cries and wing-flappings of *noisome* birds"? But one gladly accepts Borrow's story from Cornwall of how the fox captures the fowls:

> He goes under the tree where they are roosting, and, seizing his own brush with his teeth, turns round with amazing velocity, staring at them with his fiery eyes. The poor fowls on the tree keep turning round their heads as he revolves, following the flaming of his eyes till they become "light," that is, giddy, and fall down, when he despatches them and sucks their blood.

Finally, let me express the earnest hope that in his edition of *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye* Dr. Knapp will not tamper with the existing text. He makes rather an alarming suggestion (vol. ii., p. 183) that, when they are "properly edited," they "will form a treasure for all time." This may mean little or much, but they are such a treasure already that change, as it seems, could be only for the worse. Preface, footnotes, and appendix, we may be grateful enough for these; but the mere notion of a "restored" classic, of a revised *Lavengro,* is odious.

Francis Hindes Groome.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE. By A. W. Ward, Litt.D., LL.D. New and revised edition. 3 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $9.00 net.

When first published about a quarter of a century ago, Dr. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature* at once became the standard authority on its subject. Criticisms might be, and were, passed upon this or that point of method or treatment, but the work was so solid and so comprehensive, so packed with first-hand knowledge, so enriched with comparative learning, that even just cavils could not seriously damage or depress it. The intervening years have seen an immense activity of research in dramatic history. The study and the stage have alike contributed to advance knowledge and insight in this their common domain. An immense quantity of special investigation has been concentrated upon the lives of individual dramatists, the literary sources of plays, the detail of stage history, the genesis and evolution of dramatic form. No one else has essayed Dr. Ward's task, or produced a work at all competing with his in scope and aim. But the accumulated new material has for years been crying out for the wider recognition afforded by its embodiment

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in a comprehensive history of the whole subject, while accumulations, hardly less considerable, of suggestion and hypothesis have stood sorely in need of the sifting hand and the discerning eye which the comprehensive historian of the whole subject is best fitted to bring. Both these somewhat exacting claims are adequately satisfied in the new edition. The great increase of bulk (from about one thousand three hundred pages to nearly two thousand) is even greater than it appears; for the elaborate theoretic Introduction of the first edition, proper rather perhaps to an æsthetic treatise than to a history, has been withdrawn. The bulk of the new matter has been thrown into notes, and on the whole it may be said that the book remains the book it was; complying in matters of detail with every well-founded criticism, but retaining every structural feature intact, and reflecting as definitely as before the temperament and personality of the author. Few books, indeed, illustrate so happily the art of deferring without yielding ground, of "killing" an adversary "with kindness," decapitating him, as it were, like the Sultan's slave, with a weapon so finely tempered that the common spectator fails to observe that his head is off. At bottom, however, Dr. Ward's uniform graciousness to adversaries has less in it of the Socratic irony which uses compliments as pitfalls, than of the old highbred courtesy which frankly honours an honourable opponent.

Among the additions will be noted the accounts of the recently discovered *Return from Parnassus,* and of the Oxford *Narcissus,* as also the fuller treatment of the Rowleys and of Day. In the latter cases the advance is largely due to the researches of Mr. Bullen. The valuable contributions more recently made by Miss P. G. Wiggin, of Radcliffe College, to the discrimination of Rowley's and Middleton's work in their joint dramas, have also been fully recognised. Professor Koeppel's excellent treatises on the sources of Jonson's, Beaumont's and Fletcher's, Chapman's and Ford's plays, which, in addition to their original matter, summarise a large amount of German investigation far too little known among us, will also in Dr. Ward's frequent references be introduced to a larger public. The chapter on Shakespeare is almost a book in itself. The fit treatment of Shakespeare in a history of the drama is no easy task; where so much is problematical it is difficult to avoid stating the grounds for every particular solution adopted, while yet such statement necessarily interrupts at every point the continuity of the narrative. We confess that we should have preferred a sharper distinction than is here drawn between the history of Shakespeare's dramatic art and the ancillary studies in chronological evidences, metrical tests, and the detail of sources. The detailed treatment of the single plays is now more than ever an invaluable summary and criticism of all important contributions yet made to the elucidation of the *Realien* of each. But when all is said, we seem at times to have learnt everything about a play except the one thing which we expect an historian of the drama to tell us; its place in the continuous development of Shakespeare's artistic nature. To our mind, if we may venture on the suggestion, it would have been better to follow in Shakespeare's case the plan, for the most part pursued elsewhere, of relegating these extraneous matters to notes, and giving in the text a continuous account of that which belongs strictly to dramatic history. Among the very few omissions we have observed in the immense mass of critical literature used or discussed in these volumes, we may specify the following: Dr. Logeman's edition of the Morality *Everyman* certainly called for notice in a history of the English drama, for he has shown grave reason for doubting whether it is, strictly, English at all; the Dutch version, formerly regarded as a translation of it, being in reality the original to which nearly all the merit is due which so strikingly marks it off from the English moral-plays at large. Dr. R. Fischer's valuable account of Seneca's influence on English tragedy (*Zur Kunstentwicklung der engl. Tragödie*) would have supplemented on the side of dramatic technique the excellent dissertation of Dr. Cunliffe, who confines himself almost entirely to echoes of phrase and thought. Mr. J. M. Robertson's scholarly work on Shakespeare and Montaigne might well have not merely supplemented but replaced the dilettante speculations of Mr. J. Feis on the same subject; but probably this part of the *History* was already in type when Mr. Robertson's book appeared. It is a pity that two other treatises did not appear in time for the new edition—the elaborate account of the Elizabethan Latin dramas in the *Jahrbuch,* xxxiv., and Professor Brandl's collection of early Elizabethan plays. May we, finally, in the interest of an eminent living scholar, correct a passing reference to him as the "late" Mr. Littledale? The present writer himself, some years ago, had the misfortune to fall into the same error, and in a book which very humbly followed in Professor Littledale's footsteps, lamented the early blighting of so prom-

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ising a career; only to learn that he was in reality very much alive. A very full table of contents (wanting in the first edition), and a much enlarged index, add greatly to the serviceableness of these volumes, and qualify them still further for the familiar companionship with every student of the drama, which their solid worth must in any case secure them.

C. H. Herford.

SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

This volume forms an important chapter in the history of the cosmopolitan spirit in French literature. That history has been written in M. Joseph Texte's admirable study, which has Rousseau for its centre, a study lately given to English readers in the excellent translation by J. W. Matthews. Frequent references are made by M. Texte to the influence of Shakespeare, but his theme—the intermingling of the French and the Teutonic genius—is more comprehensive than that of the present volume, and his work, which traces the influence of Richardson and Sterne, of Young and Macpherson, might almost be renamed *England in France.* In his narrower field, which yet is wide, M. Jusserand's chief predecessor was Lacroix, whose *Histoire de l'Influence de Shakspeare sur le Théâtre Français* was published at Brussels in 1856. Nor is Lacroix's work even now superseded, for he wrote on a more extended scale than M. Jusserand, and brought down his history to the day when the younger Hugo was preparing his translation of Shakespeare.

The prejudice which so long delayed the reception of English literature in France is explained by M. Jusserand as arising from the fact that French for some generations after the Norman Conquest was the speech of the more cultured classes, while Latin was the language used by thinkers and scholars; English, therefore, was of no account, and it was assumed that any work deserving of Continental notice must necessarily be written in Latin. The history of Shakespeare in France is here carried back a little farther than earlier students had succeeded in following its traces. A copy of the Folio of 1632 was in the library of Louis XIV.; his librarian, Nicolas Clément, completed in 1684 the catalogue on which he had been engaged during nine years. The first word of Shakespearian criticism uttered in France is the note written by Clément on a slip of his catalogue: "Ce poète anglais a l'imagination assés belle, il pense naturellement, il s'exprime avec finesse; mais ces belles qualitez sont obscurcies par les ordures qu'il mêle dans ses comédies." It was not an ill word; to imagine nobly, to think naturally, to express one's self delicately—this was much; and it cannot be denied that Shakespeare, not only in his comedies, but in all his plays, offends often against the *bienséances* of the French stage. The "ordure" of Shakespeare may be reduced or eliminated from a stage representation; but who can anticipate the minor offences against good manners which the Shakespearian performer is required to enact, and which may alienate the spectators as much as graver improprieties? Even so late as 1827, when Charles Kemble and Miss Smithson (afterward Mme. Berlioz) played with great success in Paris, M. Magnin, the critic of the *Globe,* watched anxiously when Hamlet seated himself at Ophelia's feet, lest such a violation of decorum in the pose of a tragic hero should too severely try the sympathy of a well-disposed audience. Hamlet's undignified attitude sent a thrill of "light surprise" through the spectators; but he was forgiven; and when the Prince bounded forward to the call of "Lights! lights!" upon the discovery of the poisoner's guilt, there was an outcry of admiration, which proved better than a thousand treatises, says Magnin, that there are "ways of reaching the sublime unknown to us."

The eighteenth century, the audacity and the timidity of Voltaire, his alarm at his own success in calling attention to the great barbarian, who afterward became to him a maniac, a buffoon, the Gille of a country fair, La Place's exhibition of the back of the Shakespearian tapestries, Le Tourneur's epoch-making, yet most inexact, translations, the travesties executed in all good faith and with the most sincere enthusiasm on behalf of his patron saint, St. William of Stratford, by the amiable and wrong-headed Ducis, with much besides, form the subject of the most interesting chapter of a very interesting book. For one who would study the life of Shakespeare—that posthumous life which he has lived during three hundred years in the mind of Europe—M. Jusserand's learned and entertaining volume is indispensable.

Happily, too, the publishers of the English and American editions have made the volume more valuable than the original by a series of nearly sixty theatrical illustrations. The history of the theatre is aided in an important way by information conveyed through the eye; such illustrations as have been chosen are not merely decorative; they are substantial additions to our knowledge. *Edward Dowden.*

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THE WIND AMONG THE REEDS. By W. B. Yeats. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

Away, come away:
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a-gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand,
We come between him and the hope of his heart.

It is the faëry cry, once heard not to be withstood. It calls persistently, hauntingly, through the soul of this Celtic poet, the rarest, the most beautiful, the most perilous of calls. That it is no mere pretty fancy, to hang rhymes on, is the first thing to be convinced of would you give his rhymes their due. But that the great engrossing world of social man—with, of course, the hills, woods and streams for a decorative background—should not provide all the themes necessary for the most vagrant poets, is a thought beyond most folks' thinking. Mr. Yeats appeals to the remainder, leading them out for a moment with himself into a lonely land, beyond the struggle and the praise and the blame of men. The first *sortie* is exultant; the world well lost:

The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
And where is there hope or deed as fair?

The cry is enticing to such as have ears:

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right.

And yet it is but the call that is echoed here; the call and the following. The freedom is not attained. Let that reconcile such as clamour in art for "human interest." Aedh, Michael, Robartes and Hanrahan, old friends of *The Secret Rose,* spokesmen here of the passion and the dreams of men, are spirits in prison among us below. They wander, they search for the forbidden lonely land, reach it, perhaps, but are doomed to come back to trouble and excite their restless kin. Name the search beauty, perfection, spiritual freedom, what you will. The doom of humanity is on it, of humanity with its long thoughts, its far visions, and its weak hands and feet. Yea, indeed, there is no lack of "human interest" in these poems of faëry, the perennial human interest of pain. And the one theme common to all high poetry is here. Aedh, the type of pure, adoring passion, says thus to his beloved:

You need but lift a pearl-pale hand
And bind up your long hair and sigh;
And all men's hearts must burn and beat.

Aedh understands the greatest power in all our world, and says:

The poets labouring all their days
To build a perfect beauty in rhyme,
Are overthrown by a woman's gaze
And by the unlabouring brood of the skies;
And therefore my heart will bow, when dew
Is dropping sleep, until God burn time
Before the unlabouring stars and you.

And another poem, not of Aedh's, the high lover, is one of the most beautiful love-songs in the language. It is called "The Heart of the Woman."

O what to me the little room,
That was brimmed up with prayer and rest?
He bade me out into the gloom,
And my breast lies upon his breast.

O what to me my mother's care,
The house where I was safe and warm?
The shadowy blossom of my hair
Will hide us from the bitter storm.

O hiding hair and dewy eyes,
I am no more with life and death,
My heart upon his warm heart lies,
My breath is mixed into his breath.

The theme throughout the whole book is the same—an answer to the "sweet, everlasting voices," the response of the passion of the heart to what is beyond itself, beauty, love, and what love is but the dim vision of. It is perilous; it widens the eyes, and slackens the hand, and drives content from the heart. But then it is perilous to so few! How many hearts will exult, and how many will shrink to read?—

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight,
And love is less kind than the grey twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

Annie Macdonell.

GREAT PIANO VIRTUOSOS OF OUR TIME. By W. von Lenz. Translated from the German by Madeleine R. Baker. New York: G. Schirmer.

Mrs. Baker has done well to put into permanent book form her translation of these fascinating sketches, written thirty years ago by The Russian Councillor and music lover, W. von Lenz. Lenz himself, at the request of many readers, collected the sketches from the musical journal in which they first appeared and published them in book form. A translation of some of the essays appeared in 1878 in the *Monthly Musical Journal* in London; but this is their first appearance here; at all events, the first in book form.

Just what makes the essays such fascinating reading—the author's fresh and ardent enthusi-

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asm, the strong personal character of his reminiscences—weakens somewhat the value of his criticism. If we are frank enough to disagree amicably with this very engaging writer, we can surrender ourselves entirely to the charm of his manner, and enjoy these little biographical gems to the full. For, interesting and valuable as the sketches are from a musical point of view, they are of still greater value and interest as biographies. W. von Lenz has, in a strong degree, the rare gift of painting a personality in colours which wear well. His easy, chatty style, his well-chosen anecdotes, his discretion in the use of effective detail, would seem to point his eminent talents for biography, and for that *real* biography which comprehends that the true personality of an artist is his Art.

Every anecdote, every detail narrated by Lenz, portrays *l'artiste chez soi*, but the artist, not the outer man. He does not, for instance, waste time in describing the style of Liszt's cravats, or in telling the reader how often he had his hair cut—after the manner of the present-day biographers—but he gives in minutest detail the story of his first visit to Liszt, and of how he initiated the young but already well-known virtuoso into the beauties of Weber's piano compositions. Every detail of Liszt's playing and his remarks upon these works are given in a way which must be of immense value to piano performers of to-day.

Even while we may not altogether agree with the all-embracing enthusiasm of admiration Lenz has for Franz Liszt, the recital of it is so frankly and engagingly told that we cannot but enjoy it. It is, of course, impossible to over-estimate the standing of Liszt as a piano performer, or his powerful and far-reaching influence upon the entire modern school of piano playing, but thirty years' perspective has left serious critics in little doubt as to the influence of Franz Liszt upon other realms of musical thought, and as to the value of his compositions, some few excepted.

The essay on Chopin is valuable in showing us—with a due and reverent appreciation of his musical genius—the unhappy weakness of his character. In his servile obeisance, both to the dictates of Parisian petty conventionality and to the whims and caprices of George Sand, Lenz sees the spots upon the sun to which he fain would have looked upward in unmixed adoration. In this discreet and respectful frankness, Lenz is eminently beyond any other biographer of Chopin, Franz Liszt included.

The essay on Carl Tausig is a worthy appreciation of a great and marvellous artist, whose work will be all too soon forgotten, because, like that of the actor, it can live only in tradition when he has passed from us.

The essay on Adolph Henselt, which closes the series, will come as a surprise to many who considered themselves well grounded in the knowledge of music and musicians. Whether personal friendship has inspired Lenz to too great a meed of praise, or whether Henselt has lived too long apart from the great centres of musical life, certain it is that there are few critics who share the enthusiastic admiration accorded him by Lenz. The book is interesting in the extreme, and valuable to every musician or lover of music.

The translation is good, although rendered awkward now and then by too frequent a use of the brackets. This is probably due to the timidity of the translator in dealing with the involved German style of thirty years ago, a style necessarily more difficult to handle in that it is written by a Russian. But there is some excellent work in the translation, and the fresh charm of the original is well preserved. *Grace Isabel Colbron.*

POEMS OF EMILE VERHAEREN. Selected and rendered into English by Alma Strettell. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

M. Verhaeren is unusually lucky in his translators. He is not of the order that win popularity easily either at home or abroad. And an indifferent English rendering might have left him still undiscovered to English readers. Mr. Symons and Miss Alma Strettell are both poets, and their versions are not mere blurred shadows of a poetic original, but are themselves poetry. In translating the Belgian writer's drama, *Les Aubes,* Mr. Symons was attempting the impossible. He nearly performed it. To certain passages he even added force. Miss Strettell has set herself a more compassable task, but her performance is so admirable and the selection she has made is so representative of the best, that we may say to those who do not wish to peruse the poet's eleven little volumes that here they will find Verhaeren.

When a translator has produced poetry he has done so rare a thing that he may claim exemption from any finicking judgment as to faithfulness of detail. But this version can bear very close examination. It is Verhaeren that is reproduced. The interpreter has kept a firm hold over her own thoughts and images, lest they should stray into the work. Now and again a comparison with the French sets one

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wondering over a discrepancy. When we find "l'âpre silence" rendered "polar silence," and "chemins dolents" as "surrounding roads," and "soirs noirs" as "black fields," it seems to point to varying versions of the original. Of course, no metrical translation is ever quite simple enough. The exigencies of metre occasionally demand a little repetition or enlargement. Miss Strettell's *vers libres* might with advantage have a little more liberty. "Vers l'horizon halluciné" becomes "toward the dream-like horizons that bound the night;" "au pli des mares," "at the curves and corners of the mere." "Mort" becomes "sad death," and so on. But beyond a wonderfully small number of redundancies, there is hardly a fault in accuracy to note. Let a stanza from "The Rope-Maker" be proof how close and how beautiful is her rendering:

Avec ses pauvres doigts qui sont prestes encor,
Ayant crainte parfois de casser le peu d'or
Que mêle à son travail la glissante lumière,
Au long des clos et des maisons,
Le blanc cordier visionnaire,
Du fond du soir tourbillonaire,
Attire à lui les horizons.

With his poor tired fingers, nimble still,
Fearing to break for want of skill
The fragments of gold that the gliding light
Threads through his toil so scantily—
Passing the walls and the houses by,
The rope-maker, visionary white,
From depths of the evening's whirlpool dim,
Draws the horizons in to him.

And what of the poet she has translated? He is difficult, not so much from obscurity of phrase or style as because he demands a high measure of poetic sensitiveness from his readers. There is no particular moral or startling method in his work to argue about. He is not easy to quote from aptly. You carry nothing very obvious away as a proof that you have been with his books. But he has a dominating influence over certain temperaments. He can make some look on the world with new eyes. He has a marvellous accuracy of physical vision, and a vivid memory of the same. It is not for nothing that he is a Fleming. He has the accurate eye of his race, the painter's eye. That he has possessed from the first; but in his later poems, and from these alone, has Miss Strettell culled her choice. He uses his gift of external vision, not for its own sake, but for its symbolic force. The fishermen, vestrymen, bell-ringers of his "Villages Illusoires" are unmistakably fishermen, ferrymen, bell-ringers. The drawing is strong and clear. But they are more. They are shadows of destiny, types of the everlasting search, weavers of human fate. He does not write a story and affix a moral. Story and symbol are one and simultaneous. In the main his is a sad Muse. His plaint is delicate; it is largely impersonal. It is an echo of a hard and a troublous world.

THE SOLITARY SUMMER. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The Solitary Summer is in the form of a diary written by the same Elizabeth who steeps herself in a bright and happy atmosphere of flowers and sunshine and nature's healthy optimism. In a desultory fashion she tells of a summer spent with her books and her flowers, when her husband, "The Man of Wrath," and the three babies, "April, May and June," are mere incidents. The descriptive passages are full of poetry, and the quaint remarks on her favourite authors are suggestive and interesting. There is a special seat in the garden which she tells us is devoted to Goethe and Werther, and another special place by the pond which belongs to Thoreau. Then as evening creeps upon the day, Elizabeth turns to Whitman and listens to "what that lonely, beautiful spirit has to tell of night, sleep, death and the stars." When she drives in the forest Keats accompanies her, while if the drive extends to the Baltic shore Spenser takes the place of Keats. The pages of the diary are pervaded with a gentle humour; and a wise philosophy is observed in passages like the following:

How glad I am I need not hurry! What a waste of life, just getting and spending! Sitting by my pansy beds, with the slow clouds floating leisurely past, and all the clear day before me, I look on at the hot scramble for the pennies of existence and am lost in wonder at the vulgarity that pushes, and cringes, and tramples, untiring and unabashed. And when you have got your pennies, what then? They are only pennies, after all—unpleasant, battered copper things, without a gold piece among them, and never worth the degradation of self, and the hatred of those below you who have fewer, and the derision of those above you who have more.

And it is into this garden, peopled with beautiful fancies, that we are invited to enter, and it is this wise philosophy that we should like to make our own.

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NOVEL NOTES

A GENTLEMAN PLAYER. HIS ADVENTURES ON A SECRET MISSION FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Boston: L. C. Page and Company. $1.25.

In *A Gentleman Player* Mr. Stephens has added one more historical romance to his work in fiction. As will be seen from the sub-title, he has chosen to write of the Elizabethan period, although the Queen herself forms a very small part of the story. The opening chapter tells of the first performance of *Hamlet,* in 1601, when Shakespeare himself "moved calmly about among the actors," and so well did he "overcome the agitations of an author who was to receive five pounds for his new play and of a stage-manager on whom its success largely depended, that he seemed the least excited person in the room." The chapter closes with a critic's verdict that *Hamlet* will "last a week, perchance, for its allegory upon timely matters. But I give it no longer. 'Twill not live." Hal Marryott is the "gentleman player" who first acts the part of Laertes; then, to please a whim of his Queen, acts quite another part, and, disguised as Sir Valentine Fleetwood, has the thrilling adventure which is the *raison d'être* of the story. Hal is a good fighter, a man of mettle, and one determined to succeed even in the most hazardous undertaking. So there are encounters with highway robbers, hurried flights and blood galore. But best of all is the love interest, which takes rather a unique form. Before the tale ends, however, we are glad to have one more performance of Shakespeare—*Romeo and Juliet* this time—and to get another glimpse of Will Shakespeare, and to hear Hal say of him, "I am acquaint with his outer life, which is, perforce, much like other men's, and with his talk, which varies so gently between sincerity and subtle irony, that one can never be sure; but to know the man himself were to know a world." In writing *A Gentleman Player,* Mr. Stephens has not lost sight of his respect for historical facts, for he has appended some "Notes" which may be of service to those who are historically deficient.

THE PEDAGOGUES. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.25.

Alfred Honoré Palatine was accustomed to think of himself as a handsome man, for he was "tall and spare," with a large, regular face, and "light, kinky hair." And Alfred Honoré was an instructor at the Harvard Summer School, the seat of learning for the "Pedagogues." Now, the tall and spare Palatine was particularly fascinating to the pedagogically inclined fair sex, and he quite unwittingly made a lot of trouble for one Jessie Deagle, who wore blue organdies, trimmed with yards of pink ribbons, and wonderful hats, and who at the same time was engaged to Mr. George C. Gorch, from Peru, Ohio. Mr. Gorch came to the Summer School with a trunk full of poetry and a braided black cutaway coat. He had a "scrubby brown moustache, on which a combative nose abutted," and he was thin-cheeked and big-eared, with a head which "looked narrow and bumptious." Therefore it is not to be wondered at that Jessie's love for the bumptious Mr. Gorch began to wane after she came under the spell of Palatine's charms. Her foolish vanity and her susceptible heart get her into many scrapes. However, Palatine does not reciprocate the ardent affection lavished upon him, and he is not even moved by the blue organdie with the pink ribbons. For a while it looks as if Jessie would lose the owner of the braided cutaway coat as well as the kinky-haired lecturer, but everything turns out serenely at the end of the term. Mr. Pier has certainly succeeded in writing a most amusing story and a very entertaining one. But somehow we do not feel tempted to try the Summer School for ourselves, especially after reading that one student's object in going was to "learn to be a writer of fiction, preferably strong and passionate," and who also informs us that he was "familiar with the works of Shakespeare, Byron, Ouida and E. P. Roe, and who knew no other language than his own." We tremble at the thought of so much knowledge lying

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idle at a Harvard Summer School, and being guided by such an inexperienced young man as Alfred Honoré Palatine.

THOSE DALE GIRLS. By Frances Weston Carruth. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. $1.25.

It is one of the exceptions nowadays when an author condescends to spend her time in preparing for her readers a healthy and obviously happy love story, a story which any girl might be the better for reading. *Those Dale Girls* is certainly one of the exceptions, and brings to our mind the *Little Women* of Miss Alcott. For the Dale girls (two sisters) are brave little soldiers who have a hard battle with the world after their father loses his money and his health. They become self-supporting women, not because they advocate the equality of man and woman in the commercial world, or because they have made a study of the economic question, but for the simple reason that with their youth and health they feel that they must do something for the father who lies upon his bed a helpless paralytic, and because they cannot live upon the charity of their friends. Surely this is sufficient reason for any woman to take up the struggle for existence! These girls earn their dollars in rather an unusual way. They go in for cooking, and make of it quite a fine art. They carry on their business in a little flat, and when not nursing their father, they tempt the reader's appetite by making the most delicious mayonnaises and jellies and wedding cake. The girls have many a trying experience, but their sense of humour helps them over the rough places. Finally they marry two of the "dearest men," who bring to their respective wives a large fortune, and who both make love in the most captivating fashion. Altogether, the average young person cannot help but be entertained by this bright little story; while perhaps the older person may feel relieved that Miss Carruth has not attempted to analyse or to "psychologise" about anything or anybody. On the other hand, it is taken for granted that girls love and marry and live happy ever after, just as they used to do in our fairy tales.

THE SIXTH SENSE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

"The Sixth Sense" is the principal story in this collection, and is the psychical study of one woman's awakening. Although Annita Andrews had beauty of feature, she entirely lacked charm and fascination, and she had grown into womanhood without inspiring love or even affection in those about her. She recognised this great void in her life. She "wanted to be able to attract and to hold people the way other girls did; not to hold men only, but women." Then a great temptation came to her. Jack Duain, an old schoolmate and the son of a neighbour, was reported to have died on the battlefield. Annita goes to offer her sympathy to the bereaved mother and sister, and she is so tempted to grieve with them and to be loved by them that she tells the mother that she was Jack's promised wife. For a year Annita lives with the Duain family and learns what it is to be within the circle of a loving household. At the end of the time Jack returns to find a girl, to whom he has hardly given a thought, mourning for him as a lost lover. The author makes very interesting reading out of this rather novel idea, although we think the married woman of the story is superfluous, as she seems to be dragged in without any very good reason. Of the other stories in the collection "An I. O. U." is perhaps the best. It is written in the form of a dialogue, and humour and pathos are delightfully mingled.

HUGH GWYETH. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The name of the author is unfamiliar, and if the story be a first one, as it appears to be, the effort is uncommonly successful. It opens with spirit and gathers strength and surety with the movement of the tale. The climaxes are arranged with skill and the interest never flags from the beginning to the end.

It is a story of the earlier days of the struggle between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers, of that fierce strife which rent apart the families of England as well as the powers of state. Among those more widely divided is the family of young Hugh Gwyeth, who is hardly more than a boy when the tale begins. His mother's people, with whom he has lived since her death, and, in fact, nearly all his life, are fighting on the side of Parliament's army, while his father holds to the Royal cause. So bitter is the feeling, that Hugh may not name his father in the presence of his grandfather and his uncles. Yet, since the tie of blood is sometimes stronger than teaching or preaching, and since it is the nature of youth to persist in the forbidden, the boy Hugh defies all restraint and sets out in search of his father, meaning to join fortunes with him. The adventures that befall him during the search for his father furnish the earlier interest of the narrative, and the shock of disillusion which

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he suffers on finding him brings a subtler, more psychological element into the work than the opening chapters give promise of. It seems to have been the intention of the author to write a dashing, rattling story of adventure, with little if any attempt at character-drawing. But two or three of the leading figures of the tale come out from the dimmer, more distant mass, and stand distinctly individualised. Strangeways is, perhaps, the strongest and certainly the finest, yet Hugh's father also is notably well drawn, while Hugh himself is a live, a noble, brave, blundering, loveable young fellow. On the whole, however, it is the incident, the adventurous atmosphere of the work, that claim largest and most lasting attention, and the author's name will not be strange when it appears on another book.

THE SPAN O' LIFE. By William McLennan and J. L. McIlwraith. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

The Span o' Life stretches through the days of Prince Charlie, that most romantic and ever-interesting period of English history. The Chevalier Maxwell, the principal character of the story, is an adherent of the unfortunate Prince, and in striving to advance the cause of this Royal Jonah very nearly wrecks his own happiness as well as his own fortunes. He has secretly married a beautiful girl of humble station, and after the manner of men—which is never the manner of women—he sacrifices love to politics, and leaves his wife to follow the Prince. It is a sacrifice that no true woman ever fully forgives, though she may say and even believe that she does, and in this case the wound seems indeed past all hope of healing. In the absence of the young husband a child is born, and the mother has no proof of the marriage to offer her friends. No word comes from the father, there is no sign from him that the desertion is not intentional. Then, being a woman of pride and dignity, the mother takes her child and goes away beyond the shadow of shame, that lies over them like a pall. Of course she was wrong. Of course all women should bear all things with absolute submission—as most women do. But this high-hearted young woman is made of different stuff, and when the tumult of war throws her and her husband together she resists every attempt at reconciliation. So firm she stands against her own heart that at last the husband becomes discouraged, slow as most men are to believe that neglect can make the women who have loved them cease loving. The lamp is expected to go on burning forever without a drop of oil. This one burned so low that it seemed for a long time to have gone out, and then jealousy sets the flame blazing high again.

THE GARDEN OF SWORDS. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

The Garden of Swords has the Franco-Prussian War not only for its background but for its *raison d'être*, the incidents of the story growing mainly out of the events of that memorable conflict. And although the character of Beatrix, the English bride of the French soldier, is quite distinct, it seems at the same time to personify England's attitude toward the struggle, while the young husband typifies military France of thirty years ago.

The story gives a vivid representation of the reckless arrogance with which France entered upon the war, of the scorn of the French for the Germans as soldiers, as human beings. "Those Prussians—they bark till you show the whip, and then they run to kennel," so sneered the French officer, and the French maid-servant laughs, declaring that there is nothing but beer mugs and sausages to come out of Berlin. Sneering and laughing and dancing, the French rush toward ruin, and the highest fashion of Strassburg goes to the brilliant marriage with which the story opens without one uneasy thought of the opening strife, the oncoming siege of the city. Yet it is the blooming garden of the honeymoon that speedily becomes the bloody garden of swords, and it is hideous war that too soon tears the bridegroom from the bride's arms—and then the deluge comes.

In describing the mighty events through which the story holds its steady way, Mr. Pemberton finds admirable opportunity for larger work than he has attempted hitherto. The whole is so notably good that it is difficult to name any special bits as better than the rest; but the wanderings of the bride through the forest on the night after the battle of Worth, and the eloquent pages telling of the last days of the siege, may, perhaps, be pointed out.

It seemed that Strassburg could suffer no more, and yet she continued unyieldingly to suffer. Hours became days, and days weeks, and still no white flag floated over the citadel; nor were the voices of her brave men silent. Down below in the cellars the timid wailed and cried for light and bread. Mighty lanterns, the sheds of her great buildings, gave to the night the crimson beacons, which seemed dyed with the very blood of the dead. . . . Two thousand dead, the city mourned;

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and yet, mourning them, prepared to die. The ultimate woe of despair was upon a helpless people. Their homes crumbled to the very dust. The open grave became their offering to France and the children of France.

And yet, notwithstanding the heroism of the besieged, so vividly described, the sympathy of the reader is with the Germans, who appear only in the distance. The author urges no claim on their behalf, but the futile violence of the French mob, its injustice, its cowardly cruelty to the helpless, its unutterable meanness, must ever repel the Anglo-Saxon; and the story—without a word of plea for the victors—creates the feeling that the outcome of the conflict was the survival of the fittest. With this conviction of historic truth, the work has even higher value as fiction, since the story itself is strong and beautiful; so that, taken altogether, *The Garden of Swords* may be said to be a decided advance in Mr. Pemberton's career.

THE CAPSINA. By E. F. Benson. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

It is far indeed from *Dodo, Limitations* and *The Judgment Books* to this romance of the war between Turkey and Greece. It almost seems, in fact, as if it were farther than the author can reach, for the society tone is not well adapted to the battle-cry.

The story begins with the oncoming of the struggle, and the opening scene is the little town of Hydra, which climbs Argolis, trailing its skirts in the Ægean. The people are patriots and the leader is a beautiful girl, a modern Joan of Arc, invincible on land and sea. Before the story has gone far it is in the midst of the conflict, and filled with the noise and confusion of battle. The author has evidently studied his subject, and many of the military descriptions are well done, with sympathies always on the side of Greece.

But the background of battle's smoke is not the best feature of the story. Its merit lies rather in the subtler matter of character drawing—as might have been expected from his earlier literary success. The main interest of the work is in the character and career of the "Capsina," and most of all in her ill-starred love. For she, being a woman and young and lovely, loses her heart early in the story, since the greatest courage and the most powerful arms are unavailing against cupid's assaults. Her love is not returned, but is naturally none the less great because of that fact, and the man whom she loves learns too late what he has lost.

Very, very far off is all this from the decadence of Dodo and her kind, but there are, nevertheless, occasional touches that recall Mr. Benson's earlier *Limitations*.

RIDAN THE DEVIL, AND OTHER STORIES. By Louis Becke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.

It is enough to announce a new book by Mr. Louis Becke; it is superfluous to review it. He has gained the ear of a large public, who are attracted by his tales of the South Seas, and find them quite to their taste. Few writers have more first-hand experience of adventure. He has wandered by land and sea, he has made his bed in strange places, and had comrades of every complexion and class. He represents the roving spirit of the Englishman, and his matter must reflect, of course, a good deal of the brutality which, we are told, saves the race from effeminacy and extinction. We find his material excellent within the limits of his rather narrow observation, and we always plunge into his books with an eager hope of being excited and invigorated. But nearly always we are repelled by the dulness of his manner. He is quite careless of effect, altogether monotonous in tone. His answer would be that he keeps his many readers satisfied, and to that we have no retort. But he might think it worth his while, without condescending to the weakness of being artistic, to cure himself of such ordinary faults of grammar as the one he repeats so often. "My father . . . would allow we boys"; "Her dislike of the clergyman was shared by all we children"; "My mother called we children." Mr. Becke's audience will not be disappointed with his latest book of stories; and most of them will read with especial interest his vindication of "Bully" Hayes, who, he asserts, "was not the remorseless ruffian that his enemies and many writers of tales of the South Seas have painted him; furthermore, he was one of the best sailor-men that ever trod a deck. Had he lived in the times of Drake or Dampier, he would have been a hero, for he was a man born to command and lead."

A HUNGARIAN NABOB. By Maurus Jokai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company. $1.25.

This novel was published fifty years ago, and the Hungarian romancer has written countless tales since then. But it is impossible to say that he has travelled very far from his early methods and ideals. This story is particularly characteristic of his special powers, and though it is not the best of those that have been rendered in English, it contains passages which he has never surpassed. An un-

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tiring inventiveness, a bizarre humour, an industry in the collection of materials from every source, and a steady romantic light shining through all his effort—these are the qualities which have won him fame outside his own country; of course, Hungary owes him other debts. He just misses being great, for he has all the tenacity and the resourcefulness of Dumas. His cleverness is enormous, but you can never call his best powers by a better name. This is a story of old-fashioned Hungary, well worth reading for the insight it gives into the rough jollity, the wild horse-play, the barbarism and the simplicity amid lavish extravagance, that were features of Hungarian country life in the old days. The lively Nabob, John Kárpáthy, is a delightful personage. We feel that old Hungary must have died with him, and we cannot echo all his pious desires that his little son may grow up altogether unlike him. Mr. Bain confesses to have cut out a third of the book. A third more than is given us would have made a very long story; but then he might have cut more skilfully. There are puzzling gaps not well bridged over at all. And while we are grateful for what Mr. Bain has done to render Jókai accessible to us, and share not a little of his admiration for the Hungarian romance writer, we think he is mistaken in his "intimate conviction that, of all Continental novelists, he is most likely to appeal to healthy English tastes"; at least, he is mistaken in his dogmatic assertion of it.

A DELIVERANCE. By Allan Monkhouse. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

The earlier part of this story gives little hint of the strong interest of the end. The last half contains the gist of the whole, and a very original and very painful situation. Before it develops fully we have a picture of social life reviewer by profession. The other woman is in the provinces, with clever, somewhat Meredithian conversations. Where satire is indulged in, it is amusing and harmless and apt. "Miss Pope received the suggestion graciously, and, perceiving that literature offered an opening, declared a preference for the Scotch stories of Mr. MacTaggart. Glancing at the bookshelves, she said, 'Milton, too, is very fine!'" We have all met Miss Pope. But Miss Pope and her kind have nothing to do with the real purpose of the story. Two women and a man are concerned with that. The man loves and venerates and is dependent on one of the women, who has a strong, confident, generous, cheerful nature, and a bright, stimulating intellect. By the way, she is a no fool, but she appeals to the lower part of him. She is not very successfully depicted; and her conduct is often ridiculous, but we can see what Mr. Monkhouse is driving at. The man is dying, and the good, clever woman spends her days and nights in tending him, in keeping his thoughts away from death, in trying to make his mind rise above his situation. This strain to keep upon a high level is obviously good for his health. He loves her, never compares her rival with her for a moment, but he sinks into the arms of the lower woman in the end, because she will let him be just what his weakness dictates, fearful, fretful and despairing. No wonder that when he dies she wants sunlight and flowers and bright colours. The title is descriptive of the relief of both.

ONE OF THE GRENVILLES. By S. R. Lysaght. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Some years ago Mr. Lysaght wrote a very entertaining story, *The Marplot*. Its successor is of solider build, but it has its light and pleasant passages, and is so high above the average of novels that its readers will want to urge on the writer a more frequent exercise of his powers. As in the earlier books, so in this, his genial introductions put one quickly at ease with his characters. We feel neighbourly to them, on intimate enough terms even to quarrel with them when they behave otherwise than we would have them do. Let us confess that at certain stages of the story we have been in a condition of towering indignation; this means genuine interest, so Mr. Lysaght will have to forgive it. For instance, his hero, Martin Grenville, is a splendid young fellow, loyal and plucky and generous. From the first he wins our affection, and the closest attention for his career, whether as the champion of his mother who had borne him out of wedlock, or as the Khalifa's prisoner in Omdurman, or as the struggling writer in London. But Mr. Lysaght permits him to do a dastardly thing—to tempt a man to give up what Martin most desires upon the earth, the claim on a woman, by pandering to the man's weaknesses and his immediate great necessities. He does not justify his hero in this; there is no acceptance of the cant that all is fair in love. But first to win our regard for a man on the ground that he is chivalrous, and then allow him wantonly to sin the unforgivable sin, which is meanness, is monstrous for a romanticist. A tragedian, working in the maladies of the soul, alone may attempt it. It is to sin with Meredith in his *Diana*—sin outrageously. There, we have not spared the blot on the book. Beyond that, save for our sorrow

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at the thought of the fascinating Nancy being turned into a country parsoness, there is nothing but pleasure to be had out of it. It is manly, robust, patriotic with the fashionable patriotism of the day; there is a broad, intellectual basis to it; it contains some wholesome satire, and proves a varied knowledge of human nature. The whiffs from the sea and breaths from pleasant English country are cheering and healthful. One thing we wonder about a little. Mr. Lysaght seems inclined to take the side of the average dutiful citizen in his attitude toward Roger the vagabond. But in his heart, does he not love him better than Martin, the active young Imperialist? At least, he has lured some readers away from all sense of civic duty by the odour of Roger's camp fires.

PROFESSOR HIERONIMUS. Translated from the Danish of Amalie Skram. By Alice Stromach and G. B. Jacobi. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

The translators of *Professor Hieronimus* have revealed to us a very powerful Danish writer. Amalie Skram's other work is not widely known, but this book, at least, is courageous, vital and startlingly vivid. The story lays itself open to argument and contradiction, without doubt, since it paints a state of things that most readers will deny the existence of, and perhaps rightly. That a nervous patient, who was willing to pay for privacy and exceptional care, whose chief symptom was sleeplessness, should be confined in the asylum to which she voluntarily goes for rest and advice, in a room opening on a ward full of lunatics and imbeciles, and immediately above the place where dangerous maniacs bellow and fight; that she should be subjected to every kind of suspicion, indignity and brutality, though she is obviously sane, seems to us incredible. And yet to read the story is inevitably to feel that such a condition of things does exist somewhere, since it is described with a graphic simplicity that it would be impossible to surpass. Besides—and Amalie Skram is a declared naturalist—the writer spent some time voluntarily in such an institution, and her story has been treated in Denmark as a *roman à clef*. But even if the circumstances she depicts be exaggerated, there is one thing in her book absolutely true to life—the personality of Professor Hieronimus. We get only the briefest glimpses of him. There is hardly any description. He comes in to see his patients, barely speaks, and vanishes quickly; yet we know him perfectly and dread him as much. He is the fanatic, the instinctive tyrant, wielding absolute authority. His kingdom is a kingdom of the irresponsible, the insane, the weak-willed and the weak-nerved. His assistants are no curb; he is the man of special knowledge; he has the power of favour or ruin. They learn that the first condition of a tolerable life is cringing. That performed, there are legends of his benevolence. Professor Hieronimus does not rule over lunatic asylums alone. Indeed, he may be, in these humanitarian days, an impossibility there. But he lives still, an evil, blighting force, under a solemn, respectable guise; and Amalie Skram has doubtless strengthened a few arms to deal the wholesome blows that will liberate some helpless creatures from his grasp.

TRANSATLANTICS. By Frederic W. Wendt. New York: Brentano's. $1.00.

This little volume contains a number of short sketches of life on ocean steamers, and the various phases of that life form the subject-matter for these very slight stories. Mr. Wendt is quite at home on the ocean, whether telling of seasickness or steamer lovesickness. We feel that he has made an effort to be humorous in several instances, but he just fails of his purpose. The last story in the collection, "Mr. and Mrs. Milford," is by far the best. It is more plausible than the others, and the only one which left an impression on our minds. But the stories should not be examined too closely, as they are harmless little things and will answer very well for a half-hour's light reading.

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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, July 1, 1899.

In place of being obliged to report upon a very dull month, as is usually the case with June, it is pleasant to be able to state that sales have been exceptionally good, and that activity in all departments of publishing and bookselling continues.

The most prominent feature is naturally for this season of the year the new fiction. *Richard Carvel,* by Winston Churchill, came at once into popular favour, and is already enjoying a remarkable sale, making it a leader in this respect of the month's publications. *The Dreamers—A Club,* by John Kendrick Bangs, is another June book selling readily, as also are *Agatha Webb,* by Anna Katherine Green, and *That Fortune,* by Charles Dudley Warner.

From Sea to Sea, by Rudyard Kipling, heads the list of miscellaneous subjects, although a two-volume work is not much in demand. *The Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant* is meeting with a very ready sale for this time of year, and may be counted upon to sell largely during the coming fall. A considerable number of new titles upon the various countries and subjects now prominent are noticeable, but none are reaching any considerable sale.

In referring to the older books still in large demand, mention may be made of *Prisoners of Hope,* by Mary Johnston, as an example of a work starting out slowly, yet gradually increasing in sale and maintaining a place among the leaders. It also goes without saying that *David Harum* continues to sell without any signs of decrease, and that Kipling's works are still much asked for, numerous orders being received for the new complete edition.

The Rough Riders, by Theodore Roosevelt, is the only one of the recent numerous publications on war subjects now selling to any extent, although every phase of the subject has been written up by authorities.

How to Know the Ferns seems likely to take its place in popular favour with *How to Know the Wild Flowers.* Other books on similar subjects are being brought out each month, sustaining the interest in outdoor matters. One of the best and most recent works for popular use is *Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers,* by Maud Going.

Sales of paper-bound fiction for summer reading, while, perhaps, not so large as in years past, is noticeable. *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* is the leading title of the regularly issued series, while *The Forest Lovers* is more than holding its own with the other titles of the special limited editions.

Preparations for the busy season are already being made, and many of the publishers' representatives are out with full lines of samples of the forthcoming publications. Stock orders are being placed for text-books, and new catalogues and announcements are ready. The outlook seems to warrant a prediction of exceptionally good business with an immense amount of material to supply the demand.

The best selling books of the month past proved to be as follows:

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.

From Sea to Sea. 2 vols. By Rudyard Kipling. $2.00.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. $1.50.

The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

The Dreamers—A Club. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Through Nature to God. By John Fiske. $1.00.

A Double Thread. By Ellen T. Fowler. $1.50.

The Strong Arm. By Robert Barr. $1.50.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, July 1, 1899.

Viewed comparatively, the results of June business do not afford much room for complaint. It is to be expected, of course, that trade will now gradually decline as the summer advances; but so far it has kept up very well, and there is reasonable ground for hope that the dull season may be less pronounced than usual.

At present dealers are giving more attention to their purchases than to their sales, the season for autumn buying having just commenced. Assuming that, as a whole, the publishing fraternity have provided a strong list, sales should be exceedingly good this year, as most booksellers are very sanguine, indeed, over the prospects.

A volume of poems, *The Man with the Hoe,* by Edwin Markham, attracted much attention last month. It is being called for very frequently now, and the indications are that it

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will sell largely, for a volume of poetry, during the next few months.

Richard Carvel, by Winston Churchill, was the most successful book, in point of sale, published last month. Considering the time of the year, the month was remarkable for the notable books published. In fiction the leaders were *The Dreamers,* by J. K. Bangs; *The Strong Arm,* by Robert Barr; *That Fortune,* by Charles Dudley Warner; *Doc' Horne,* by George Ade, and *In Vain,* by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Biography was especially rich with such notable and valuable books as *The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant,* Justin McCarthy's *Reminiscences* and *The Life of William Morris,* by J. W. Mackail.

The Centenary Balzac deserves a word of commendation, the make-up and general appearance of the volumes being a great improvement over the former issue of the same books.

A cheaper edition of Mahan's *Life of Nelson* came to hand last month, and in the less expensive form the volume should meet with a good sale.

It is becoming a trifle monotonous to report each month that the sale of *David Harum* is "still on the increase." Such is the case, however, the number disposed of last month being simply astonishing. *When Knighthood was in Flower* is a good second, and the increase in its sale is well-nigh as remarkable. Other popular books which deserve mention, on account of the excellent showing they made, are *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War, No. 5 John Street, The Day's Work, Red Rock, The Fowler, Those Dale Girls* and *A Double Thread.*

Nature books, as they may be called, are still selling very well. Quite a number of additions were made to this class last month, the most notable being *The First Book of Birds,* by Olive Thorne Miller, and *Field Key to the Birds,* by Edward Knobel.

The record of last month's sales shows that the following books sold best in the order given:

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. By F. P. Dunne. $1.25.

No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

Those Dale Girls. By Francis Weston Carruth. $1.25.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling. $2.00.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.50.

The Bee People. By Margaret W. Morley. $1.25.

A Double Thread. By Ellen T. Fowler. $1.50.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By Ellen T. Fowler. $1.00.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, May 24 to June 18, 1899.

Taking the period above named as a whole, trade has been about the same as in former years, although there is a falling off in country business. With everything against him, the provincial bookseller is not likely to push his trade to any great extent, even if it were possible for him to do so. In the export branch the colonial section has been active, the continental being much as usual.

The six-shilling novel, although still popular, is said to have a serious rival in the sixpenny novel. However, *A Double Thread,* by E. T. Fowler, has been selling freely, rivals notwithstanding, and others in this form are still in favour. Several more publications in the popular sixpenny form are announced. This is unfortunate, as already signs are not wanting that the public appetite in this direction is pretty well satisfied. Some booksellers report that the sixpenny books are affecting the sales of the sixpenny magazines.

New books and new editions continue to be issued in large numbers. There are, without doubt, too many of them, and the public is hampered in choosing, owing to variety.

The deep interest shown in the fate of China is mirrored in the demand for Lord Charles Beresford's *Break-up of China.*

The Haddon Library of works dealing with outdoor pursuits continues in favour. Works such as *Elizabeth and her German Garden* and *The Solitary Summer,* by the same author, are much appreciated just now by book-buyers.

The call for guide-books is brisk as usual, and the same may be said of publications generally which deal with country life and outdoor games, including the long neglected croquet.

Among magazines the same keen competition continues. The leading periodicals are the *Pall Mall, Pearson's, Harper's, Harmsworth's,* the *Strand,* the *Windsor,* the *Royal* and the *Wide World.* In the ladies' own department the *Woman at Home* continues to be the favourite.

The list appended is based upon actual sales, and may be taken as a true guide to the kind of book that the public appreciates for the moment.

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)

A Semi-Detached Marriage. By A. Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

The Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)

One Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Longmans.)

The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

I, Thou and the Other One. By A. E. Barr. 6s. (Unwin.)

The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

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When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)
A Fair Fraud. By Mrs. L. Cameron. 6s. (Long.)
Madam Izan. By Mrs. C. Praed. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
The Garden of Swords. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between June 1, 1899, and July 1, 1899.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Silent Singer. Morris. (Brentano.) $1.25.
3. Outsiders. Chambers. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Agatha Webb. Green. (Putnam.) $1.25.
5. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Afghan Knife. Sterndale. (Brentanos.) $1.25.
4. Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper.) $2.50.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Young Mistley. Merriman. (Mackel & Co.) $1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) 50 cents.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.
5. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. The Dreamers. Bangs. (Harper.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. I, Thou and the Other One. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. A Daughter of the Vine. Atherton. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners and Captives. Merriman. (Fenno & Co.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. From Sea to Sea. 2 vols. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Tiverton Tales. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Prisoners and Captives. Merriman. (Fenno & Co.) $1.25.
3. Rough Riders. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. Dash for a Throne. Marchmont. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.25.
5. Huge Gwyeth. Dix. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Greater Inclination. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Those Dale Girls. Carruth. (McClurg & Co.) $1.25.
5. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
6. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

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DALLAS, TEX.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Browning Letters. (Harper.) $5.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Story of Rough Riders. Marshall. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. In Verse and Prose. (Parker.) 75 cents.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Through Nature to God. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Garden of Swords. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Open Question. Raimond. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Tekla. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Fowler. Harraden. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (McLeod.) $1.25.
5. Dross. Merriman. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Morang.) $1.25.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Yale, Her Campus, etc. Welch-Camp. (Page.) $2.50.
5. How to Know the Ferns. Parsons. (Scribner.) $1.50 net.
6. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) 50c.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
4. Open Question. Robbins. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.
6. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.

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PORTLAND, ME.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Tiverton Tales. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. How to Know the Ferns. Parsons. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Ragged Lady. Howells. (Harper.) $1.75.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Fiske's Miners' and Assayers' Text Book. Fiske. (Gill Co.) $2.50.
5. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes Co.) $1.50.
5. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
6. The Garden of Swords. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. A Dash for a Throne. Marchmont. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.25.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Garden of Swords. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. With Kitchener to Khartoum. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Aylwin. Watts-Dunton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Short Line War. Merwin-Webster. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Jamesons. Wilkins. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.00.
6. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.
5. Through Nature to God. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.
6. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.

TORONTO, CANADA.

*1. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
*2. The Market Place. Frederic. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
*3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (McLeod.) 75c. and $1.25.
*4. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
*5. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Morang.) $2.00.
*6. Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War. Dunne. (Morang.) 50c. and $1.00.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
3. Day's Work. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. A Duet. Doyle. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Tiverton Tales. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Idylls of the Sea. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.25.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.

*Canadian editions.

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